

The Sketch

No. 733.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



DEFENDER OF HER HUSBAND'S LIFE: MRS. HARRY K. THAW, THE MOST SENSATIONAL WITNESS
FOR THE DEFENCE IN THE THAW MURDER TRIAL.

•
Photograph by the Boston Photo News Co.



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

Pity the C.C.
Gondoliers.

Things are not always what they seem. Many people imagine, for example, that the most enviable job in London is to be the driver of an Embankment tram. They think that those men have nothing to do but ride up and down the Embankment, enjoy the fresh air, and draw their wages. Consequently, there is keen competition for the posts among the legless and the bedridden. As a matter of fact, though, even the Gondoliers of the Embankment are not utterly, utterly happy. The lives of these men, sterling fellows all, are marred by a haunting dread that somebody, some fine day or other, will board the tram. In order to prevent this disaster, they have to be always on the alert. Common, rude fellows will stand on the pavement or in the roadway with an umbrella stuck out in front of them and call "Hi! Hi!" at an Embankment tram as though it were any mere vehicle for the convenience of the public. The ease and grace of the monster, the clean-looking appearance of the deserted roof and the empty interior, does not appeal to them in the slightest. If you told them that the drivers take a pride in keeping their beautiful trams to themselves, they would make some vulgar reference, in all probability, to the public money. That is why the Embankment gondoliers are not so completely happy as they deserve to be.

Special "Sketch"
Interview.

I know that I am correct in making this statement—and it cannot be too widely advertised in the columns of our contemporaries—because I had the opportunity of interviewing one of the gondoliers whilst his brilliantly illuminated vessel was waiting in ambush until the theatre-goers had footed it across the bridges. The gentleman was reading a novel by Mr. Stanley Weyman. The conductor, at the other end, guarded the citadel.

"Good evening," said I genially.

The gondolier looked up, nodded, and returned to his book. He had an eye like Mr. Martin Harvey, with hair to match.

"Pretty quiet to-night," I went on.

The fellow saw, then, that he was being interviewed. With splendid magnanimity he laid his novel aside, folded his arms, looked me over from head to foot, and observed, "Now."

"I said that it was pretty quiet to-night."

"I heard you."

"Well, isn't it?"

The man drew a long breath. "D'you know what would happen," he asked, "if I was to run this here tram up as far as Charing Cross district?"

"No. What would?"

A Thrilling
Adventure.

"In less time than it takes you to arst one o' them silly questions," he explained, "we should have four or five people inside, and maybe a couple on top! Muddy boots and all, mindyer! That's what the public are!"

I began to understand.

"Then you don't mind careering about without any passengers?"

"Mind it!" A look of blighting scorn crossed his pale, intellectual features. "Don't you know, young feller, as we get fined by the Council every time as anybody gets aboard? Mind! Well, its comin' ter somethink!"

"I beg your pardon."

"An' so you ought. Take last night, now. We was passing under Waterloo Bridge at somethink like twenty-seven miles an hour. All of a sudden a young chap comes dashin' down them steps like a mad thing. 'Hi!' he yells. 'Stop!' And more of the same.

London.

Horace—that's my mate—was inside having a bit of a nap. It comes to be second nature, though, with us, keeping the tram intact; and he was awake in a minute and out on the platform. The chap was a bit of a sprinter, and 'ad got 'is dirty 'and on the nice brass rail. Horace snatches down the fare-board and catches him a sharp rap over the knuckles. In the meantime, I gives 'er another twenty mile an hour. . . . That was a near thing, upon my word. I put in fer a rise to-day."

A Wasted
Shriek.

There has been sent to me a little sixpenny book called "Woman: A Few Shrieks." It has been written, I understand, to help along the "Votes for Women" cause, and is dedicated "to those women on the fighting line who have had the courage to face ridicule and the wit to turn the laugh upon their enemies by their indifference to derision." I propose to criticise neither the book nor the object. I know nothing about politics except that the debates in the House make very dull reading. If any woman really wants to join in those debates and sit up half the night in a stuffy room listening to mumble about nothing in particular, I have not the least objection—always providing it is not some lady in whose conversation I am permitted to take pleasure. (But I don't suppose it would be. I haven't got the vestry mind.) The reason I mention this little book is because one of the letters is addressed to "Smith of Surbiton." The writer seems to imagine that Smith of Surbiton, of whose tastes and inclinations I may claim some knowledge, objects to something that she calls "woman's growing independence." This would amuse Smith, who bothers his head not one jot about the outside world when once he has closed his front-door and lighted his pipe. Fancy poor, dear, calm old Ralph "inveighing" against anything!

The Inter-'Varsity
Swagger Match.

"The Oxford manner in the outside world," says a writer in the *Isis*, "is painfully misinterpreted, and there is a tendency nowadays to connect it with an objectionable form of pulpit drawl, which we trust is not so much the result of Oxford as of certain theological colleges elsewhere. The Oxford manner, we hope, will endure. So long as a form of swagger is collective, there is much to be said for it." All this leaves me sadly puzzled. What *is* the Oxford manner? What *is* a collective form of swagger? Can you imagine anything more awful than a collective swagger? It sounds overpowering. Is there, I wonder, a Cambridge manner? And is that also a collective form of swagger? If so, why has nobody ever thought of arranging an Inter-'Varsity Swagger Match? It would be a fine advantage for some young man who was applying for a post in a newspaper office if he could say that he had won his half-Blue for swagger. I can imagine an editor jumping at such a man. To tell the precise truth, however, there is no such thing at all as an Oxford manner. There is a Fresher's manner, but that very soon comes off in the bath. The only other people that I have ever seen swaggering at Oxford are the scouts, who, if you happen to visit Oxford out of term-time, always seem to require the town a size larger.

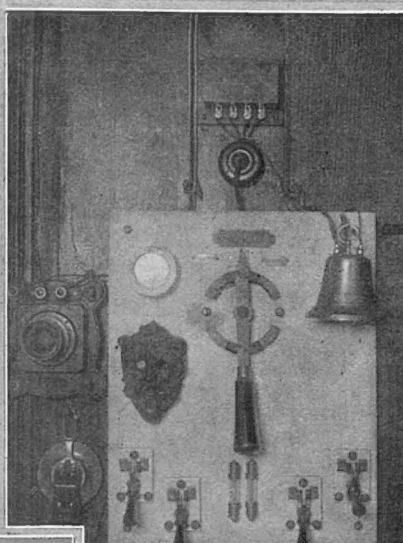
The Importance of
Being a Scout.

It is not surprising, really, that Oxford scouts should hold their heads rather stiffly, for they are by far the richest class of people in the town. It was firmly believed in my day that the porter of a certain college had a mortgage on the buildings. I knew a mathematical scholar who used to sit up late trying to work out how soon his scout would be able to retire on his savings and send his son to the 'Varsity. One college porter of my acquaintance, by the way, did make his son an undergraduate. But he sent the lad to Cambridge instead of Oxford. He explained to me that the Cambridge tone was rather more refined.

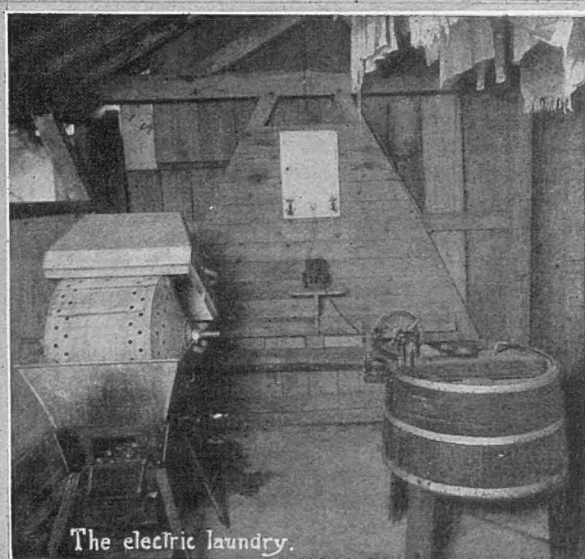
THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY AND SILENCE.



Mr. Georgia Knap, owner of the enchanted house.



The microphone & other apparatus used in connection with the self-opening & self-closing door.



The electric laundry.



The enchanted house of electricity: La Villa Ferie Electra.



The electric cooking apparatus.



Electric cooking apparatus.



The electric lift for dishes.



The electric table, showing the lift in position.



The door that opens and closes by itself, and tells the visitor to leave it alone.

WHERE SERVANTS ARE REPLACED BY ELECTRIC CONTRIVANCES.

The house of mystery and silence, or, to give it its official title, La Villa Ferie Electra, is situated at Troyes, and is owned by Mr. Georgia Knap. All the work usually done by servants, and much that is usually left undone, is performed by electric contrivances. The visitor to the villa finds that, when he rings, the door opens by itself, while a voice proceeding from a hidden gramophone tells him to allow the door to close. Once inside, the visitor is confronted by a mat that rubs and dries his boots. Press a button near the bed in your bedroom, and a hot-water bottle is heated—an arrangement that would suit Toddlers. In the morning, curtains fly apart and shutters open in response to the pushing of a button; breakfast, papers, and letters arrive at the table in the same mysterious way. An electric lift brings electrically cooked food through the centre of the dining-table. In the laundry, electric machines do the washing. Everything in the house, indeed, is run by electricity, and there are even electric alarms for use against those who would break in and steal. The exact address of the villa is 4, Rue Pierre Gautier, Troyes.

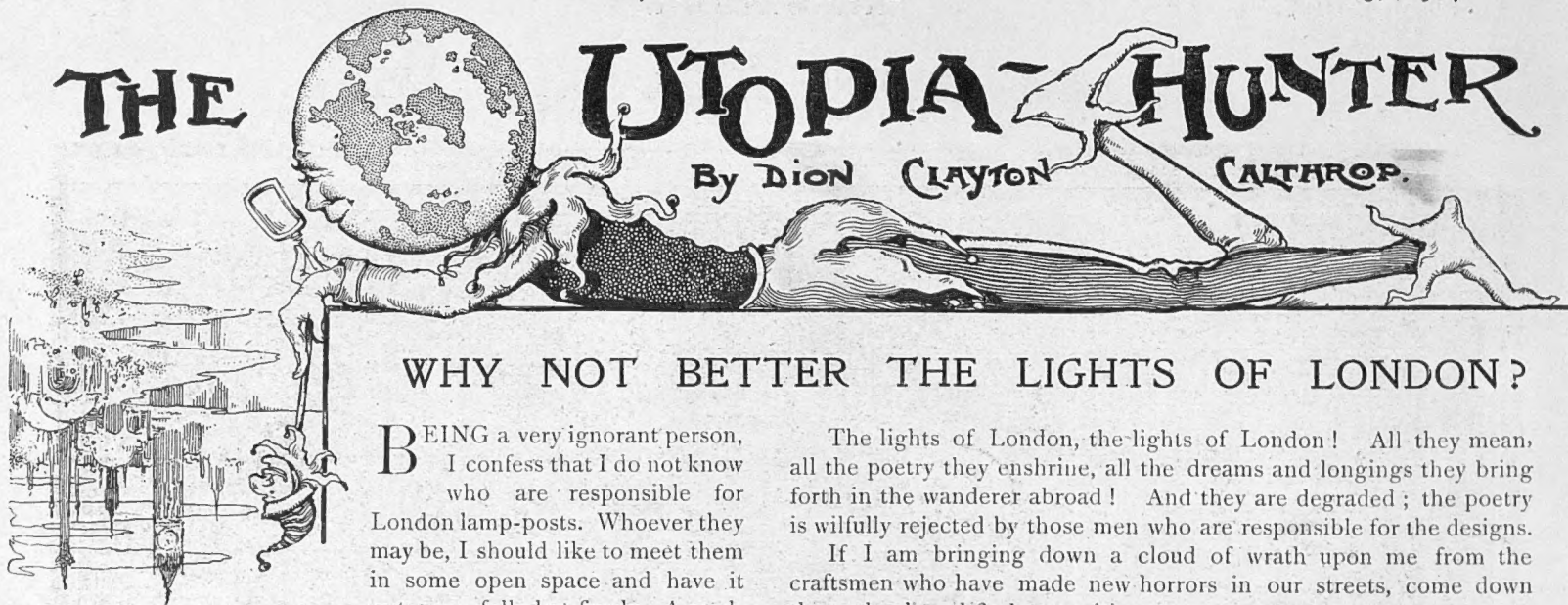
Photographs taken specially for "The Sketch" by the Topical Press.

THE

UTOPIA HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CALTROP.



WHY NOT BETTER THE LIGHTS OF LONDON?

BEING a very ignorant person, I confess that I do not know who are responsible for London lamp-posts. Whoever they may be, I should like to meet them in some open space and have it out, peacefully but firmly. A medley of worse designs I never saw—awful! excruciating! common!

A stem on which a flower of light may grow should surely appeal to the highest art (next to the beauty of woman) in an artistic nature.

London never manages to produce, seemingly, the proper stage-managers for her romance. Only to-day I passed a street called Sand's End Lane; at one corner stood a public-house called The Rose; at the opposite corner was The Old Rose. Now, The Old Rose in Sand's End Lane; could poet want better stuff to build a dream? Imagine,

if you can, excited reader, the drab complacency of the street, the vulgar, ordinary frontals of the two temples of wine. Man, in a fit of temper, could not have built anything less appropriate to the enchanted spot. And the street is lighted by the mellow glow of gas, which springs from a stem more hideous than imagination can conceive.

Enough, pale and furious reader, to bring tears to the eyes of a money-lender.

The practical-minded man will turn, no doubt, in annoyance at such an absurd thing as a plea for good lamp-posts. He hurries through the streets unmindful, as he thinks, of his surroundings. He is wrong, for every single object he passes has an influence on his nature. A cart gay with flowers, the flashing scarlet of a pillar-box, the crude, but not unpleasant colours of a bus, give him a breath of colour and a hint of design of which he may be actively unaware, but the influence remains.

The street, I hold, is a garden in which all must walk; admit that, and see at once the value of all the ornament which is used for its use and embellishment. A poet wrote once of "the iron lilies of the Strand." Splendid man, he knew the charm and value of lamp-posts, and, with poetic licence, he wrote of them as they should be, not as they are.

So far I have allowed my thoughts to dwell on the old-fashioned gas-post only; but now Fate whispers (London Fate) "Tigher up," and I turn in thought to those overwhelming horrors, the arc-lamp standards. How could a man, given a globe of pure light to support aloft, dream of such a commonplace design? They are all as bad; no one designer of arc-lamp-posts has grasped the significance of their symbolic beauty.

The lights of London, the lights of London! All they mean, all the poetry they enshrine, all the dreams and longings they bring forth in the wanderer abroad! And they are degraded; the poetry is wilfully rejected by those men who are responsible for the designs.

If I am bringing down a cloud of wrath upon me from the craftsmen who have made new horrors in our streets, come down then, cloud, and find me waiting.

One would suppose the Londoner to have no sense of fitness and less than no sense of the ridiculous. Such objects as we plant in our streets (the statues alone are dangerous to those likely to die of laughter) are, may I say, plunked there, higgledy-piggledy, lock, stock, and barrel, apparently without thought and without intention.

If you must have a box for gravel—and most certainly you must—why, in the name of Fortune, paint it mud-colour? There is enough mud-colour as it is; and why—I was just about to say,

why not design with care a box that should contain gravel with grace; but in view of the designs of lamp-posts, I refrain: give me merely a cheerful colour, please. Why is nothing painted bright blue?

Then—another flower of the street—the drinking-trough for horses. Is that the last word in drinking-troughs? Imagine yourselves, gentlemen, treated in like manner; imagine some person in authority forced to meet a common need for water or for wine

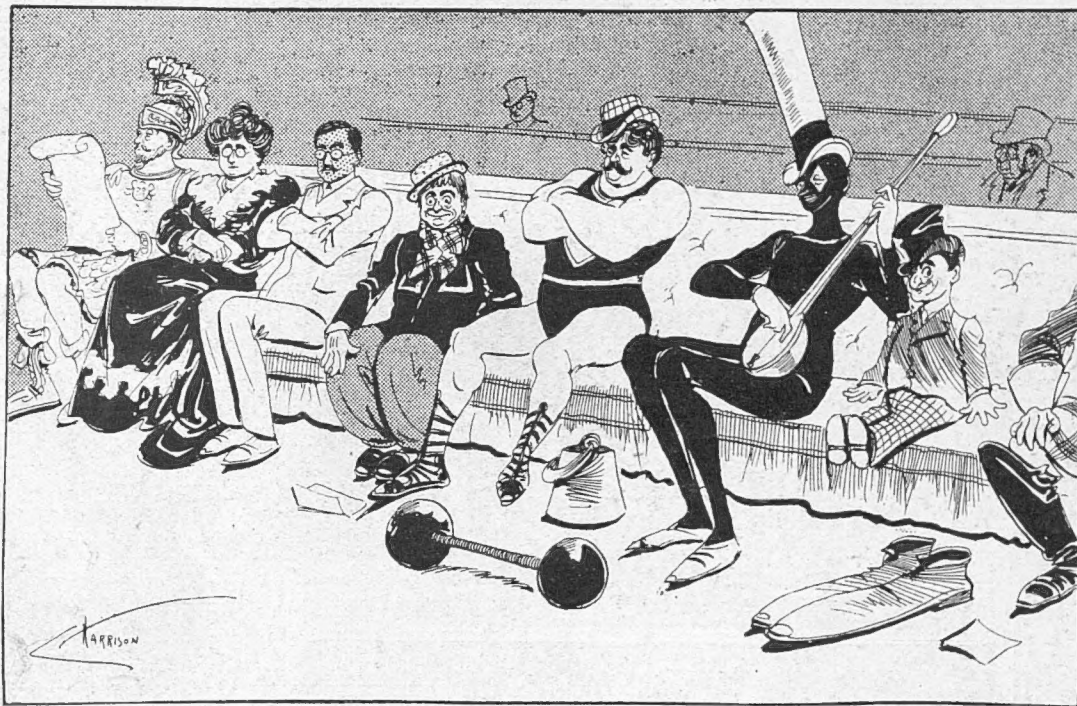
vessels for you, and imagine a clumsy, ugly affair—such as your horse-troughs—supplied without word or comment. There is nothing more beautiful than a common need. Meet the need, then, beautifully.

I say nothing about the lighting of London—that has been a popular joke from New York to Lucerne for many a long year: the fact that it has been left to two restaurants to light a considerable portion of Piccadilly; the fact that the arc lamp is useless in a fog; that one is forced to grope one's way down all side streets are nothing to me since, had you the light, you would not realise its dignity.

Here a great winking ball of white fire hangs from its ridiculous standard; there a kindly, beaming orange flame gleams above a stem worse than a mid-Victorian gas-bracket.

I will not say that every lamp-post in London deserves this (intended to be) swingeing blow, but those not so bad serve only to show those so awful in a terrible light—a crime against the peace of our eyes.

This last I write in secret: Every time a motor-bus driver rams a motor-bus against a London lamp-post and bring it twisting, bending down—BLESS HIM.



Mr. Tree.

The Zancigs.

Mr. Edmund Payne.

Ye Strong Man.

Chirgwin.

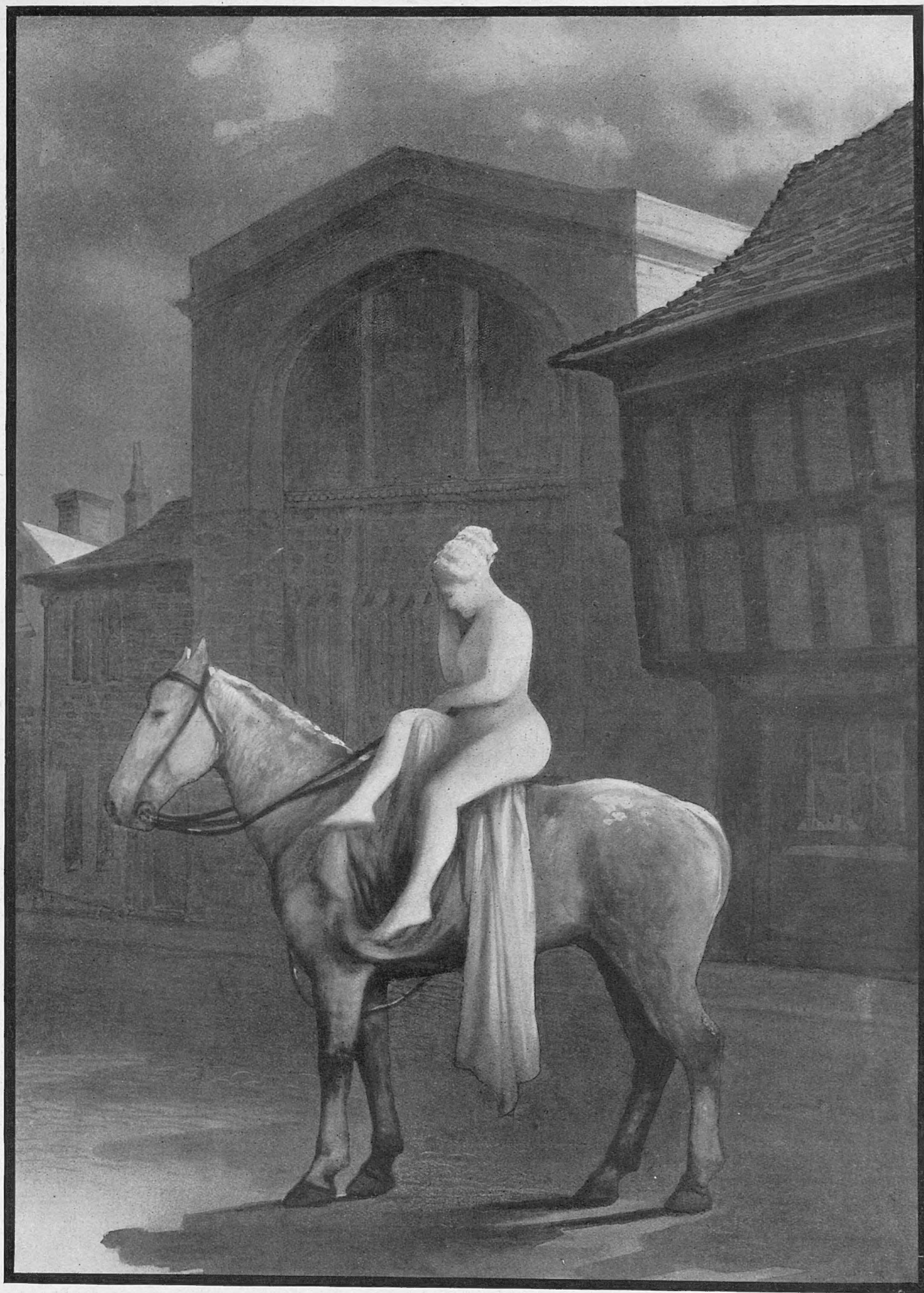
Little Tich.

THE ACTORS' AND ARTISTES' BENCH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—WILL IT COME TO THIS?

Mr. George Alexander is a candidate for the L.C.C. Will his move lead to actor and artiste M.P.s? And if so, shall we see anything like this?

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON. (WITH APOLOGIES TO ALL CONCERNED.)

LA MILO RIDING THROUGH COVENTRY.



THE 11TH CENTURY LADY GODIVA'S RIDE REPEATED LAST WEEK: LA MILO STARTING FOR HER RIDE THROUGH THE STREETS OF COVENTRY.

La Milo, the famous living statue whose appearance at the London Pavilion caused so much sensation, was appearing in Coventry last week, and decided to emulate Lady Godiva's ride. The photograph of La Milo on horseback was sent to us by Cruikshank, together with the following particulars: "As the bell of the clock high up in the tall spire of St. Michael's sounded out sharply upon the frosty air two hours past midnight, a beautiful woman might have been observed emerging from a building in the 'City of the Three Spires,' seated upon a spirited and well-proportioned white palfrey, which quivered as the cold north-east wind cut it like a whip. But who was this fair lady who had ventured upon the streets like a second Lady Godiva, under such conditions? Urging her horse forward, the equestrienne rode rapidly along the streets of the ancient city. Old buildings, some of which had probably been erected not many years after Godiva's ride, frowned upon her fair form, but the moon looked down benignantly and the stars twinkled encouragement to the handsome horsewoman. Avoiding the stone sets of the tramways, the mysterious one kept her graceful charger upon the macadam portion of the narrow and winding roads. Except the occasional barking of a dog and the noise of the horse's hoofs, not a sound was heard, and the 20th century Godiva passed through the slumbering and peaceful city unmolested and unseen."

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

FEBRUARY 16.

THE PILGRIMS "GOD-SPEED" TO MR. BRYCE**THE STATE OPENING OF
PARLIAMENT****THE FRENCH PLAY IN LONDON****HOW MR. ROOSEVELT TRACKS THE TURKEY.**

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

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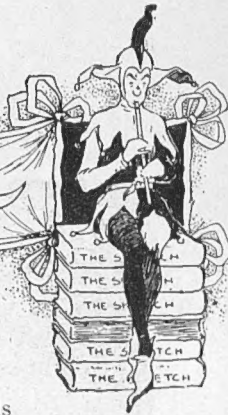
IN MISS CONNIE EDISS'S SHOES AT THE GAIETY.



MISS RUTH ARGENT AS THE SPIRIT OF THE RING, IN "THE NEW ALADDIN."

Miss Argent has taken Miss Connie Ediss's place in the Gaiety piece. As "Sketch" readers are aware, Miss Ediss has gone to South Africa for a holiday and to fulfill a long-standing engagement to appear there.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery.



THE CLUBMAN

THE AMIR IN CALCUTTA—INDIAN POTENTATE AND BRITISH STOCKBROKER—THE DUKE OF LANCASTER
IN PARIS—THE CAFÉ ANGLAIS—THE PILGRIMS.

IT is amusing to read that the Amir has succumbed to the attractions of Calcutta, and that the tiger-shoot arranged for him in the Central Provinces has been abandoned because his Majesty prefers to spend his time purchasing articles at Lady Minto's Hospital Bazaar and watching the fun at the great fête. They are very brilliant events those great Calcutta charity entertainments, for all India contributes to the spectacle. I was at Calcutta when one of them was organised in honour of Prince Eddy and the present Prince of Wales, and the memory of some of its beauties and of some of the strange sights remains with me very vividly. The great trees of the Maidan, giants in size, were all a-sparkle with electric light, and the white tents glowed like opals in the darkness of the clear, cool night. Round a great bonfire the Cuttack sword-dancers, wild men with long hair and flying white garments, revolved in their fierce dance, and there were brown, half-naked quarterstaff players, and horsemen who picked up handkerchiefs from the ground in their mouths, and a dozen other exhibitions of warlike skill. There were devil-dancers from Tibetan monasteries, the most expert conjurers in India, and snake-charmers. The wares to be sold were interesting. The Prime Minister of Nepal had sent some old brasswork from Khatmandu, and all the best work of Benares and Cashmere, and curios from all parts of India were on sale at little more than the bazaar prices.

Calcutta must be to the Amir very much what Paris is to most of the Indian Princes. The late Shah of Persia found that a "cure" at Contrexéville was a necessity every now and again, and many of the younger Indian Princes have taken a hint from him. Lord Curzon was very stern on the subject of Indian Princes spending their time amidst their peoples, and those potentates who liked to make a trip to Europe every other year had to plead their livers as an excuse, and sacrificed three weeks of their holiday time to Carlsbad before going on to Paris and London. Some of them found it as difficult to tear themselves away from Piccadilly or the Boulevard des Italiens as the Amir finds it to leave the Eden Gardens and the Red Road. I remember one jovial Oriental potentate who, having spent some months in England, made his visit of farewell to the Court of St. James—and then disappeared. His own suite did not know what had become of him. He was eventually found up-river, living in a little cottage, and was coaxed out of the country. "How much happier is the lot of the British stockbroker than that of a ruler of men!" sighed

the regretful potentate when he was told that his passage had been booked, and that, *nolens volens*, he must return to his dominions. I shall be surprised if within the next three years the Amir does not find that his dominions are settled enough to allow him to declare a regency and to pay a visit to England.



MUCH HAM TO LITTLE BREAD! TWO SANDWICH-MEN TO ONE BOARD IN CAIRO.

Our photograph shows an interesting variation of the common or garden sandwich-man. It is to be seen in Cairo, and it will be noticed that each board is carried by two men. In the particular case shown, the men are walking advertisements for an Italian company playing at the New Arab Theatre.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.



PROFESSIONAL ESCORTS FOR LONELY LADY THEATRE-GOERS: "CHAPERONS" PROVIDED BY THE MANAGEMENT OF THE LYRIC THEATRE, NEW YORK.

The management, hearing from a lady that she would much like to witness the Sothorn-Marlowe performances, but found it difficult to do so because she had no escort, decided to provide an escort for her, and for other ladies similarly situated. The members of this escort, who are here shown in their uniform, can be hired at 8s. a head, and can be summoned by telephone. "I have selected these gentlemen," said the Lyric manager to a representative of the "Daily Telegraph," "from a bunch of 400 applicants. All have convinced me that they are highly educated. They have certificates of good character. They will be gentlemen that any lady might be proud to have as her escort."

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

King Edward—or rather, the Duke of Lancaster—enjoying himself in Paris, found time to dine at one of the restaurants, the classic Café Anglais. In the book of menus which is a reminder of the glories of the house are several menus of dinners given by the King when he was Prince of Wales, and I am sure that, were not the customs of the Café Anglais like those of the Medes and Persians, the "Grand Seize" would have been renamed in honour of our monarch. The "Grand Seize" is the room on the first floor the windows of which look along the boulevards, and it is there that many of the historic banquets of Paris have been given.

The Café Anglais now closes as soon as the last diner has left its rooms, and its clientèle is most aristocratic and extraordinarily well behaved; but in days gone by the little rooms of the entresol, scarcely bigger than rabbit-hutches, were the scenes of very riotous supper-parties. The Comte de Gramont Caderousse and his boon companions of the "Loge Infernale" used to revel in these rooms after the opera, and it was to one of these *cabinets particuliers* that Rigolboche, for a wager, sped, in the costume of Eve, from the Maison Dorée across the road. The Maison Dorée, with all its memories, has gone, and the Anglais remains as the oldest and most classic of the great restaurants of the boulevards, for Paillard's is in its first youth as compared with the white house at the corner of the Rue Marivaux.

Quite the most flourishing dining-club that the present decade has given birth to is the Pilgrims. Four years ago it was little more than an idea—the idea of bringing distinguished Americans and distinguished Britons together over the dinner-table. To-day no British Ambassador could be said to start happily to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and no American statesman has thoroughly presented his credentials unless they have dined with the Pilgrims; and they have a waiting-list which should make older clubs turn green with envy. Mr. Bryce, our Ambassador to America, dined last week with the Pilgrims, and was the cause of some exceptionally good speaking. An American, Mr. Murphy, one of the best speakers in New York, made one of the most amusing speeches I have ever heard.

PRODUCER OF "THE CASSILIS ENGAGEMENT"
FOR THE STAGE SOCIETY.



MISS MADGE MCINTOSH AS A SORCERESS.

Miss Madge McIntosh, the well-known actress, was the producer of Mr. St. John Hankin's four-act comedy, "The Cassilis Engagement," given by the Incorporated Stage Society at the Imperial Theatre on Sunday and Monday last.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph by Bassano.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LE LÉGATAIRE UNIVERSEL"—"THE PHILANDERER"—"MR. GULL'S FORTUNE"—
"PETER'S MOTHER."

REGNARD'S play, if by no means equal to the best of Molière's comedies, is likely to be a stock piece during many years to come in the French répertoire, for "Le Légataire Universel" has brisk, pointed dialogue, a strong, grimly comic central situation, and gives a splendid part to the broad comedian. Crispin pretending to be this one, then that one, and then another of the poor relatives of the old miser, and Crispin afterwards actually counterfeiting the miser, and making a will for him, which passes as valid, and brings about a happy-ever-after ending for Eraste and Isabelle, is quite a big figure in comedy. M. Georges Berr rendered it brilliantly, showing how greatly in classic comedy tradition can aid an actor of real natural ability, and he may now be counted as one of the many acquaintances for whom London playgoers are truly grateful to Mr. Mayer. Mlle. Marie Kolb played the soubrette part with much spirit and gaiety.

"The Philanderer" shows that Mr. Shaw has made remarkable progress since 1898, when it was published; yet every scene could be identified as coming from the pen of the now fashionable "G. B. S." It even exhibits the curious impartiality which at times irritates the playgoer who is anxious to know what is the opinion of the author concerning his characters. We know that in 1898 Mr. Shaw was an Ibsenite, yet the play might be regarded as an anti-Ibsenite tract; and nevertheless it would serve as a warning against conventional ideas as to the morality of marriage. On the other hand, he draws his characters more solidly now. Julia, Charteris, and Grace seem little more than fantastic, amusing shadows—were they flesh and blood we should feel certain that Julia and Charteris had been, and that he and Grace would be, too intimate. As it is, we doubt and squabble on the point; they appear too anæmic for anything grosser than immoralities and infidelities of the mind. They form a diverting trio, though Grace, despite an able performance by Miss Wynne-Matthison, was less effective than I expected. To think that less than eight years should make work by "G. B. S." seem "old-fashioned"! The fault is his, and Miss Dorothy Minto cannot be blamed because, as the skittish girl in knickerbockers, she was not very amusing. Miss Mary Barton, playing Miss McCarthy's part under great disadvantage, had quite a triumph, well earned, and at a bound has won a place and name for herself. Mr. Ben Webster, perhaps a little too human at times, was very cleverly amusing as Charteris, a character of immense difficulty.

The heartiest laughter came from the two old boys—Cuthbertson, the tearful, manly man, in whom one saw a cruel attack on a famous anti-Ibsenite dramatic critic, and Craven, the mildly irascible old Colonel, solemnly preparing for a speedy death from a disease which he had not got, a disease that did not even exist. Few scenes in drama are funnier than the one where Mr. Eric Lewis, with brilliant fine humour, expresses his wrath at the suffering he

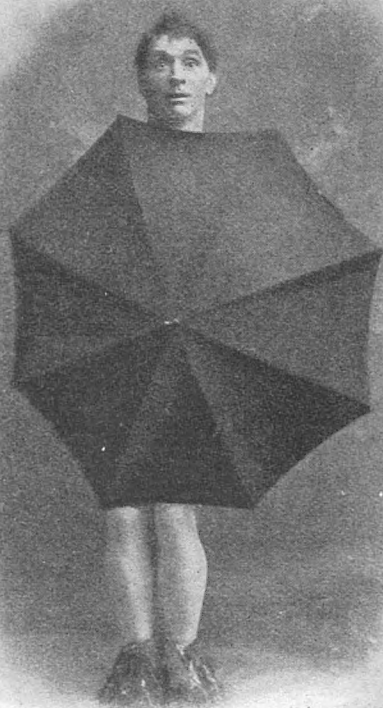
has undergone and the sacrifices he has made on account of his imaginary liver malady. Cuthbertson, too, was quite admirably presented: Mr. Luigi Lablache gave a vividly convincing picture of the gushing "manly man" not ashamed to shed a tear upon any pathetic occasion. Really, though one can look back and remember dull moments and prove there are many defects in the piece, these two characters, as presented by Mr. Lewis and Mr. Lablache, alone are quite enough to keep it alive and give one a capital entertainment: the occasional feeling of bewilderment is by no means a disadvantage to the reasonably patient playgoer.

The new play at Terry's, "Mr. Gull's Fortune," adapted by Mr. H. Chance Newton from "L'Héritage de Monsieur Plumet," is a deliberate effort to put back the clock. No one knows better than its author that it is unfashionable to employ such a device as calling a lawyer "Quirkan Quibble" or "Redtape Fleecer." Yet he and Mr. Nation, who produces the play, assume that there is still a public which is amused by such humours. I believe they are right, but it is uncertain whether this public will admit in London that it is amused. The week in which one sees "The Philanderer" and "Mr. Gull's Fortune" is rather disturbing to the critic. He cannot easily attune himself to the one immediately after the other. But the critics must not flatter themselves that the play was written to suit their taste. Mr. Chance Newton has many a success to his record

and a profound knowledge of the London stage, so although his play may not appeal successfully to those who think themselves "advanced," it caused a great deal of laughter, and will give much amusement to playgoers who can enjoy the broad, simple humours in which their fathers delighted. Moreover, Mr. Nation has quite a tower of strength in Mr. Charles Groves, one of our ablest and most popular comedians, who plays the chief part; and the company includes some clever people, such as Miss Gladys Archbutt, the leading lady; Miss Gertrude Robins, who gave a charming performance; and Miss Dora Gray, who acted in excellent style as Pickthank's wife.

"Peter's Mother" seems irrepressible. Twice the run has been interrupted, and yet it "bobs up serenely," and after an innings at Wyndham's and the Apollo, is being presented for a series of matinées at the Comedy. Fortunately, Mrs. de la Pasture's charming

comedy has still nearly all the original members of the company. There is a new Sarah, for Miss Beatrice Ferrar succeeds to Miss Nina Boucicault and Miss Hilda Trevelyan; it need hardly be said that she acts the part with plenty of skill and animation. The greatest pleasure, of course, comes from the irresistible performance of Miss Marion Terry as the mother of Peter, a delightful piece of acting of which we, as well as she, may well feel proud. The Peter, too, of Mr. A. E. Matthews is excellent light comedy, and Messrs. Fred Kerr and Norman McKinnel render most valuable aid, so that matinée playgoers can see a bright, pretty play quite admirably acted.



BILLIE CRUSOE AND POLLY PERKINS IN BIRMINGHAM: MR. FRED WRIGHT JUN. AS BILLIE, AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.



BILLIE CRUSOE AND POLLIE PERKINS IN BIRMINGHAM: MISS LULU VALLI AS POLLY, AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Photographs by the Rotary Photo Company.

IN TOWN AND ON TOUR: STAGE FAVOURITES OF THE MOMENT.



1. MISS ANNA HICKISCH AS LODOISKA IN "THE MERVEILLEUSES,"
ON TOUR.

2. MISS LILY HILDROE AS RENÉE IN "THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC,"
ON TOUR.

3. MISS MARY BARTON, WHO PLAYED MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY'S PART IN "THE PHILANDERER" AT A FEW HOURS' NOTICE.

4. MISS LILY BRAYTON AS KATHARINA IN THE O.U.D.S.
PRODUCTION OF "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

5. MISS SADIE JEROME (MRS. HERZBERG), WHO IS PLAYING MRS. McMURRAY
IN "THE MORALS OF MARCUS," AT THE GARRICK, AND HER BABY.

Photograph 1 by the Rotary Photo Company; 2, by Bara; 3, by Ellis and Walery; 4, by Rita Martin; and 5 by Lizzie Caswall Smith.



ENGAGED TO MR. NEIL FORSYTH,
MANAGER OF COVENT GARDEN:
MISS MOLLIE CATHCART.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

long contributed. His friends are telling him that already Miss Cathcart has brought him luck with her charming self. As Mrs. Forsyth, the bride will command a unique position. Her husband is the king of grand opera, so she must be its queen. Naturally, she will not show herself in the business of Covent Garden, but with such a helpmeet Mr. Forsyth will find himself reinforced a thousandfold for his new and increasing responsibilities and opportunities.

The "Life" that was in Him. The methods of cross-examination pursued in the Thaw case have been extolled and marvelled at, as if cross-examination had never

It is very evident that Miss Cathcart is to be the good angel of Mr. Neil Forsyth. No sooner is her engagement to him announced than the fates pleasantly rearrange matters so as to signalise auspiciously the happy event. A shifting of scenes in Paris produces like result at Covent Garden, and in the twinkling of a "star's" bright eye, the bridegroom-elect becomes general manager of the great home of opera, concert,

and festivity to whose prosperity his unostentatious efforts have so



THE "BEAUTY OF BATH'S" BEAUTY OF THE BATH:
MISS BETTY HICKS, DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS.
SEYMOUR HICKS.

"The Beauty of Bath," by the way, is to finish its run at the Hicks Theatre on March 2, and it will then go on tour with Miss Ellaline Terriss, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and the whole company. "My Darling" is due for production at the Hicks three days later.

Photograph by the Philco Company.

This Week's New Peeress. Lord Hastings and his pretty young bride wisely advanced the date of their wedding by one day, in order to avoid clashing with the opening of Parliament. The new Peeress is not only a typical English girl, devoted to all those forms of outdoor sport and life certain to make her very popular in her Norfolk home, but she is connected with a host of interesting

and well-known people both through her father, the favourite son of Lord Aber-

gavenny, and her mother, who is a sister of the present Lord Grimthorpe. Lord Hastings' connection with the Court is peculiarly close, for he is grandson to that veteran courtier-peer, Lord Suffield, and his own father was a great friend, as well as a near neighbour, of King Edward and Queen Alexandra in their country home. The happy couple, who chose St. Peter's, Eaton Square, rather than that more classic temple of Hymen, St. George's, Hanover Square, may be said to have brought together the first of the great nuptial gatherings of the present year of grace. They are about to spend their honeymoon in Egypt—a wise choice.



WOULD THIS COSTUME BE AN IMPROVEMENT ON THOSE IN "MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND"? A DUTCH PEASANT GIRL.

Even the innumerable "petties" of which Miss Gracie Leigh sings in "Miss Hook of Holland" pale before the bulky costume shown in this photograph. The dress is that of a Dutch peasant girl. In winter, doubtless, it is excellent by reason of its warmth, but in the summer, when the same costume is worn, matters must be different.



A NEGRESS WHO CLAIMED TO BE LADY DELAVAL BERESFORD: FLORA WOLFF.

It will be recalled that Flora Wolff claimed the estate of Lord Delaval Beresford (who was killed in a railway accident recently), on the ground that she had long been recognised as his Lordship's wife. The Court which sat at Mexico City to decide the question has ordered the estate to be handed over to the legal representative of Lord Charles Beresford, who, it is understood, has been granted leave of absence in order that he may visit Mexico and wind up his brother's estate.—[Photograph by the Topical Press.]

before brought the unexpected to light. But the public has a short memory, and forgets its Hawkins, its Russell, its O'Connell. Nothing more startling has ever been done in an American Court than was once accomplished by O'Connell in a will case. The evidence for the will seemed unshakable, and O'Connell could not find a loophole. At last came a man who had actually witnessed the signature of the will. He swore that all was done in proper form by the testator. When O'Connell began to cross-examine, the man again and again repeated, "The life was in him." O'Connell put it to him: "On the virtue of your oath, was he alive?" "The life was in him," was again the answer. O'Connell leapt at his cue. "Now I call upon you, in the presence of your Maker, who will pass sentence upon you for this evidence, was there not a live fly in the dead man's mouth when his hand was placed upon the will?" The witness trembled and faltered out a confession that this had actually been the case.

The King's Friend. Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson, who as Black Rod plays a conspicuous part in State openings of Parliament, is an old friend of the King, whom he served for fifteen years as Equerry. Little more than three years ago, he married the Hon. Mrs. William Keppel, Lord Saltoun's sister, and then the King gave him a magnificent Menteith silver bowl, engraved "From his old friend Edward R. and I," while the Queen sent the bride an electric lamp and an Empire table. There were many other gifts from royalty and members of the royal households. Sir Henry has had a most adventurous life—he has been actually under fire not less than forty times, and yet he has never been wounded. Not the least exciting moment of the gallant Admiral's life was at the Brussels railway station, when King Edward was shot at by the demented youth, Sipido. The bullet, fortunately, passed between his Majesty and Sir Henry Stephenson, and buried itself harmlessly in the wall of the saloon carriage. Sir Henry is never likely to forget that day, though he is loth to speak of it.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



WHERE NO WORD HAS BEEN SPOKEN FOR NEARLY 400 YEARS: THE CLOISTER OF SILENCE IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA CRUZ, COIMBRA. The church was built in 1515, and contains the tombs of the first two Kings of Portugal. It is claimed that no word has been spoken in the Cloister of Silence since the church was built.



WHY TURKEY IS NOT LIKELY TO HAVE A BOOK-CLUB WAR: A TURKISH PUBLISHER.

Turkey manages very well indeed without the publisher as we know him. The Turkish novelist's work is "distributed" by professional story-tellers, one of whom is here shown.



A GRAVEYARD FOR WRECKED SHIPS, SHOWING SOME OF THE MEMORIALS TO VESSELS THAT HAVE PERISHED ON THE JERSEY COAST.

Vessels wrecked on the Jersey coast (America) find a graveyard at Barnegat. Stern-pieces and figure-heads are to be seen everywhere in the seaport town, and various grounds are fenced in the manner shown.



HOT BATHS BY THE WAYSIDE: A DAILY SCENE AT ACEQUIA.

At Acequia many men, women, and children bathe daily in a trench by the roadside. The hot water is supplied by natural springs.



GOLDEN UMBRELLAS AT THE SHWE-DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

The pagoda is the most celebrated object of worship in all Indo-Chinese countries, and enshrines several hairs of Gautama Buddha.



THE LADY FOR WHOM THE ARCHDUKE LEOPOLD OF AUSTRIA BECAME HERR LEOPOLD WOLFLING, FRAU ADAMOWICZ.

From Zurich comes a story that Herr Leopold Wolfling, once known as the Archduke Leopold of Austria, wishes to regain his rights, and has asked solicitors whether he would become an Archduke again if he divorced his wife.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

of its brilliancy to the presence of the Queen in the royal cortège, and Londoners rejoiced to see her Majesty once more taking part in the beautiful ceremony. The King and Queen have both a very full week, but the Sovereign's list of engagements is especially heavy, the more so in that it includes the granting of many important audiences of which the world is never informed.

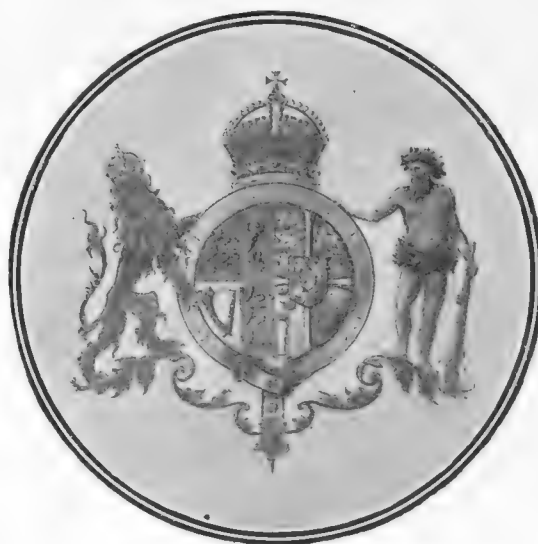
Royalty in the West.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will receive a rousing welcome in the West next week, for Plymouth and Devonport already have many links with our sailor Heir Apparent. The Navy will be honoured in the observance, and their Royal Highnesses will have the opportunity of meeting at close quarters, both at Mount Wise and during the course of the various official functions connected with their visit, all the naval officers associated with that part of the world. The Keyham Extension Works, which will be formally declared open by the Prince, have

THE ARMS, CROWN, AND SUPPORTERS GIVEN AND ASSIGNED TO THE QUEEN BY THE KING.

It is interesting to note that the King recently issued a warrant "to give and assign unto Our Dearly Beloved Consort" arms, crown, and supporters. The royal warrant clearly defines the arms.

Photograph from the original royal warrant by kind permission of Sir Alfred Scott-Gatty, C.V.O., Garter Principal King of Arms.



been described as likely to go down in history as among the most remarkable British engineering feats of this century, and it is pleasant to think that Sir John Jackson, their constructor, will be back from the Far East in time for the ceremony.

Their Royal Highnesses' Host.

Sir Lewis Beaumont, who will entertain a very distinguished gathering of important naval folk in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales's visit to Devonport, has won golden opinions since he took over the command at the famous port. He

is that rather rare individual, a sailor-diplomatist, and first made his mark as private secretary to Lord Northbrook when the latter, as First Lord of the Admiralty, went on his famous Mission to Egypt, some twenty-three years ago. Perhaps Sir Lewis's most responsible post was that of Director of Naval Intelligence; but even more

delicate and responsible was his position as representative of Britain at the

International Commission of Inquiry into the North Sea outrage. The Admiral is very fortunate in his clever, agreeable wife, who is one of the few American women in our great naval world. She was a Miss Perkins, of Boston, and comes of sound *Mayflower* stock. Both Sir Lewis and Lady Beaumont are already on terms of friendship with the Prince and Princess of Wales, for Sir Lewis was in command of the Australian Station when their Royal Highnesses made their great Colonial tour, and during their stay in Australian waters he was in personal attendance on the then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

A King Incog. in England?

The pathetic last message of the late Queen of Hanover sets one thinking of many crowns lost to their owners.

And a curious story, known to only two or three people, comes to mind. It is not impossible that we have in London to-day descendants of the lost Dauphin of France. The grandfather of a London

lady was smuggled out of France in 1793, when he was nine or ten years old. His name was Louis Capet. He was brought in a fishing-boat to England by a lady unknown, and landed during the night on the coast of Essex. He grew to manhood as the protégé of a Colonel in the British Army. This Colonel knew who the youngster was; so did Dr. Golding, at that time Governor of Charing Cross Hospital. Neither of them made his identity public. Louis Capet married an Essex beauty named Fitch. Their son, Walter Capet, was the living image of Louis XVI. Their daughter was taken into the family of Dr. Golding, and became the mother of the lady to whom reference has been made. Possibly there is nothing in it, but the lady has her theory, and is working at it.

HOST OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN THE WEST: REAR-ADMIRAL SIR LEWIS BEAUMONT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT DEVONPORT.

The Prince is to open the north extension of the Dockyard at Devonport on the 21st of this month. He will arrive at Plymouth on the 20th, and will stay at Admiralty House, Devonport. Sir Lewis has held his present position since 1905.

Photograph by Thomson.

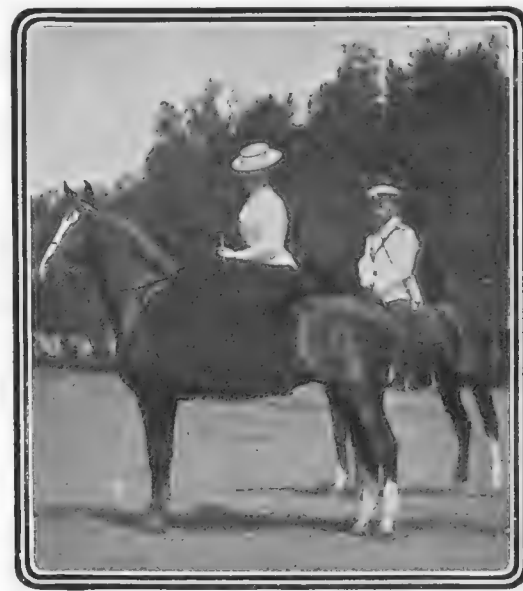
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A TWO-SHILLING ASH-TRAY SOLD FOR £100, AND NOW HISTORIC.

A St. Petersburg solicitor invited certain of his friends, all members of the People's Freedom Society, to meet at his house. For this he did not ask permission, and he was fined 1000 roubles. He refused to pay, and some of his property was confiscated and put up to auction. The first lot was the ash-tray shown, which was bought for 1001 roubles by Prince D. J. Bebutoff. The tray has now been presented to the Democratic party.

Photograph supplied by Bolak.

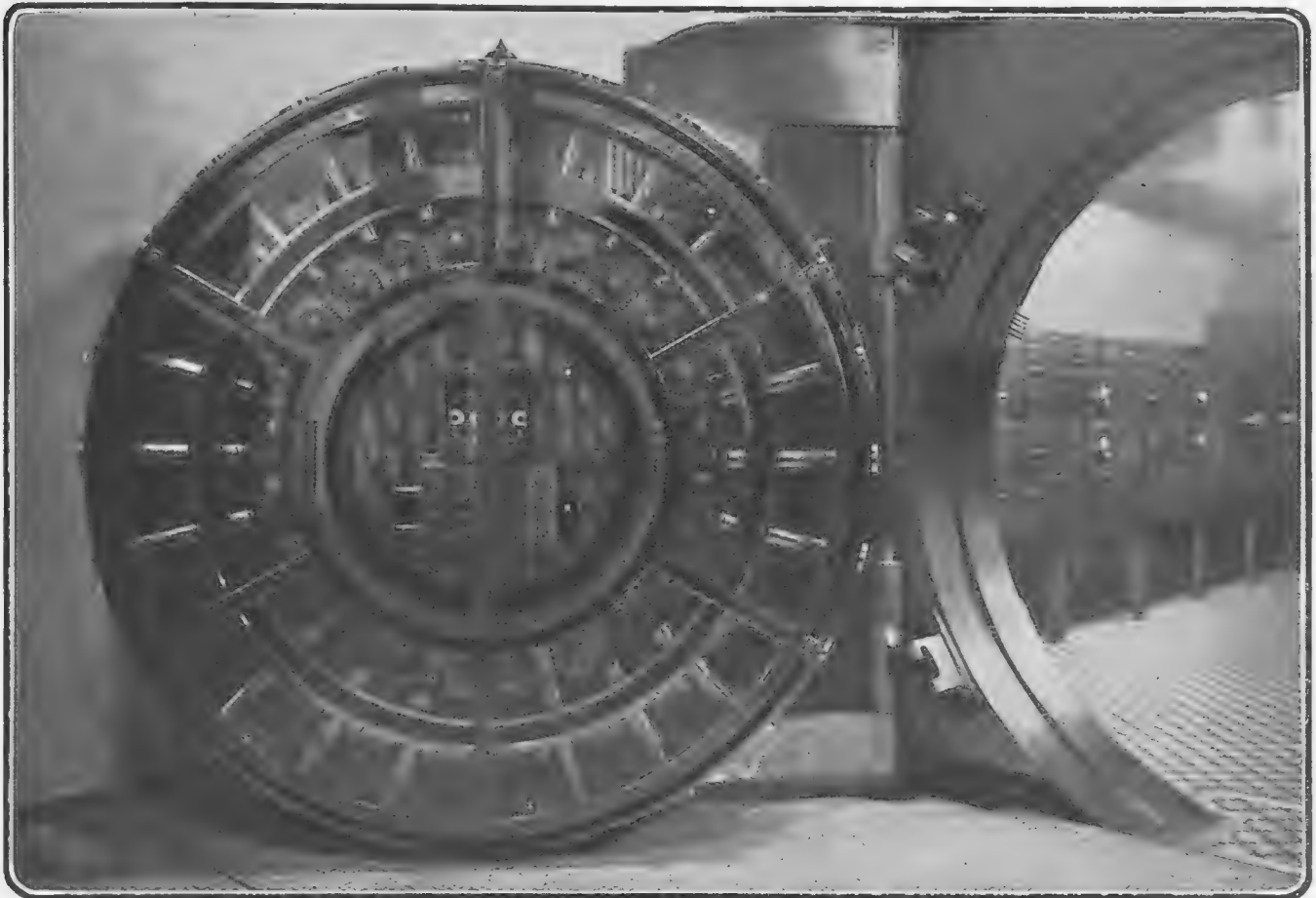


THE TSARITSA RIDING BALFOUR, HER FAVOURITE ENGLISH HORSE.

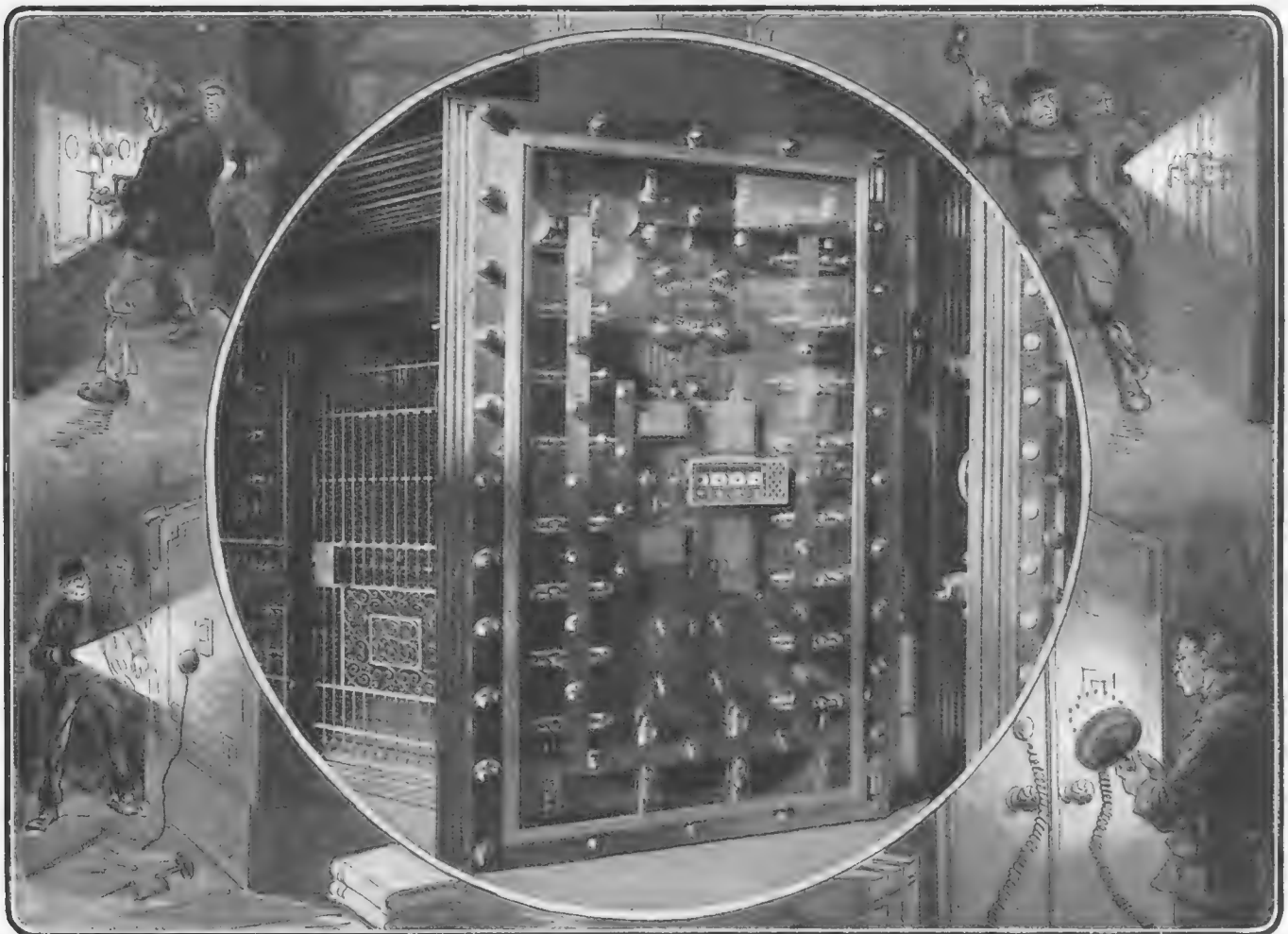
Balfour was presented to the Tsaritsa, who is a splendid horsewoman, by a wealthy British resident of St. Petersburg.

WHY THE BURGLAR COMPLAINS OF BAD TRADE :

TWO MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLES OF THE INTRICACIES OF THE DOOR OF THE MODERN SAFE.



A SAFE-DOOR OF A NEW DESIGN, THE PROPERTY OF AN AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY.



THE COMPLICATED MECHANISM OF A TIME-LOCK ON A SAFE BELONGING TO AN AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY.

Our illustrations convey in vivid manner some idea of the task the burglar has before him if he decides to tackle the most modern type of safe or vault door. Year by year the mechanism of the safe becomes more perfect; year by year the burglar's art increases. Who, in the long run, will win—the guardian of this world's goods, or the man who would steal them?

Photographs by Byron.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The Penalties of Fame.

That a youthful native of Japan should have adopted Possible-President Bryan as his father is an excellent advertisement for the good-natured American statesman. Only men of established fame receive this sort of honour. The distinction is not unaccompanied by disadvantages. One genial soul was persuaded that Huxley was the man for his money. Though he had never met him, he wrote to announce that he had been reading the great man's essays, and that Huxley was just the man with whom to spend a month. "I shall be down by the seven o'clock train, attended by my seven children and mother-in-law," he concluded. Huxley thanked his stars that a long frost had broken down, so that he could have a constant and ample supply of boiling water ready, and prepared to repel boarders. His wife and servants, he assured a friend, expected nothing less than assassination. Strange to say, the mysterious nine did not appear, and the water boiled in vain.

Here We Rest.

Max O'Rell was less fortunate. He was invaded without preliminary warning. Needless to say, the visitor was an American. He was of the type of man who clawed his way half over the world simply to compel Tennyson to hear him recite "Maud." The philologist's visitor was very American. "I have come, Sir, four thousand miles to see you," he said

as he bounded into the room. Then he sat down and looked at his unwilling host. The latter was busy, and bored. He was preparing a lecture which he was due to deliver within a quarter of an hour of the Goth's arrival. He mentioned this. The American did not in the least mind his going on with his work; he vouchsafed that privilege to all his illustrious friends. The Professor rose to go, and seeing no other way out of it, civilly suggested that the Yankee should accompany him. Nothing was farther from that gentleman's thoughts. "Fact is, I'm a little deaf," he said. "No, I'll stay right here. I will be perfectly happy, and you shall find me here when you return!"

A Runaway Train.

The collapse and death of a man in a Lancashire signal-box has set many people wondering again whether, after all, one of the men on the doomed Grantham express died before the accident. It is a fact that a train has gone upon its way leaving its driver dead upon the line. The incident happened on a busy route not far from London. The driver of an engine, hearing a rattling at the back of the tender, sent his stoker round to make things right. The stoker found the task difficult, and he was some time absent from the footplate. Meanwhile the train was running through station after station. Suddenly a great shout by a crowd on a platform caused the stoker to look up. The driver

was absent from the footplate, and the train was running away! He climbed round to the cab, shut off steam, and pulled up. It seems that the driver had fallen off and been killed by a train running in the opposite direction, on the metals adjoining. The driver of this train had notified the nearest signalman that the train was going on without a driver. Signals were fixed against it, but the train ran on until the news got far enough ahead for men to be assembled at a station and raise that mighty shout which proved successful.

The Unexpected— Mr. Bryce, who sails to-day to take up his post at Washington, will have the advantage of knowing when to expect official visits from his new friends at Washington. This is a boon which, as an old traveller, he will appreciate. Others, less safeguarded by form and ceremony in the

matter, have known by its absence how desirable such certain knowledge may prove. A good story which Mr. Alan H. Burgoyne tells is a case in point. One of his University friends was the Crown Prince of Siam, to the Court of whose father, the King of Siam, Mr. Burgoyne was invited when running about the world the other year. Arrived at the Siamese capital, he and a friend were royally housed and conveyed at their disposal, and made good

use of both. Races were toward, and they went. Rain fell in torrents, and they returned home soaked and plastered with mud. Divesting himself of his outer garments, Mr. Burgoyne sat down on his verandah, steaming, in a pith helmet, his vest, and unmentionables of once white duck, but, in this hour of discontent, coated to the knees with mud.

—Twice Happens. While he was thus disarrayed there were excursions and alarms in the street. A great personage, blazing with Orders and decorations, was solemnly bowed out of his equipage, and as solemnly bowed into the house. Before he could escape, Mr. Burgoyne found himself face to face with H.R.H. Prince Damrong, Minister for the Interior and kinsman of the Sovereign. The Englishman sought refuge behind a blush, but the courtly nobleman disregarded his embarrassment, and said the pretty and pleasant things which he had come upon this visit of State to say to the friend of the Heir Apparent. Next day Mr. Burgoyne returned the call, arrayed in quite his very best available attire. He reached the home of the Prince, a palace of beauty and riches and perfumes. As Mr. Burgoyne entered the grand salon by one door, in at the opposite door bounced the Prince. And he was in—his pyjamas! The surprise was as complete as that of the previous day, but with a difference. "This is indeed tit for tat," said the Prince, as he heroically faced the situation.



A WIDOW WHO IS WILLING TO WED AGAIN.

The hair is arranged over a long, horizontal pin.

WOMAN'S POSITION IN THE MATRIMONIAL MART SHOWN BY HER HAIR: THE COIFFURE AS AN AID TO THE JAPANESE WOOER.—WHY NOT ADOPT THE METHOD HERE?

AN INCONSOLABLE WIDOW.

The hair is drawn down at the back and is without ornament.

A MARRIAGEABLE GIRL.

The hair is built up into the shape of a fan, and many ornaments are worn in it.

SWEEPING REPARTEE.



THE SKIPPER: Now then, mind where you're comin' to with that dirty sweep!
THE BARGEE: All right, guvner, all right. 'Torkin' o' dirty sweeps, 'ow's bizness?

DRAWN BY NOEL POOCK.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS MAUDI DARRELL, who, like so many actresses in musical comedy, has desires to play in comedy without music—desires which the Incorporated Stage Society's performances of "The Cassilis Engagement" enabled her to put into execution on Sunday evening and yesterday afternoon—formulated very neatly, almost epigrammatically, one of the differences in technique between the two forms of entertainment. "A pause in comedy," she said, "would be a stage wait in a musical play." Those pauses were her *bêtes noires* at the rehearsals, though the pause in comedy never makes a scene drag, for, properly used, it is filled up either by something the characters are doing when they are not speaking, or by the laughter of the audience.

While we are still talking about the picture-postcard in the Green-Room the following incident, which Miss Darrell does not mind telling against herself, is decidedly amusing. Although one of the prettiest and most attractive of the many pretty and attractive artists engaged in the lighter art of the theatre, there was a time when she did not sell to any large extent as—or should it be on?—a postcard. Relying on the fact that without her stage make-up she would not be recognised, she went into a shop one day and, in as bold a voice as she could command, said, "I want to see some postcards of Miss Maudie Darrell, please." The attendant shook her head. "We haven't got any." "Not got any!" exclaimed the actress; "why?" "Oh, she doesn't sell," said the girl behind the counter with the greatest nonchalance. Times have, of course, changed since then, for now Miss Maudie Darrell sells very largely. During the course of the present year it is by no means improbable that her name will be added to the list of managers, for she has thoughts of sending a company on tour.

One of the most realistic of the actors of Mr. Tree's company is undoubtedly Mr. Herbert Buckley, the Eros of "Antony and Cleopatra," which has just celebrated its fiftieth performance. During all the bitter weather he has eschewed tights, and, alone of all the actors on the stage of His Majesty's, has appeared with bare arms and legs, stained brown to match the colour of his face. In doing this he has followed a custom he has always observed, for, in his opinion, the best-made tights always proclaim themselves as such by wrinkling at the knees. His feeling for reality once came perilously near to proving fatal, for, when playing a bare-legged part in one of the Colonies, he, as the hero, had to struggle with the villain, who was armed with a knife. Unfortunately, the villain fell, and the knife entered the upper

part of Mr. Buckley's thigh, and penetrated to within a fraction of an inch of the great artery, the severing of which would probably have meant death. As it was, he was laid up on the broad of his back for a month, and a wide scar still serves to remind him of the episode.

Mr. Buckley, who is one of the handsomest actors in Mr. Tree's company, in which there are several handsome men, was originally intended for the Navy, and served in the cabin of the *Worcester* at Greenhithe. The possession of a voice made him desire to cultivate it, and he studied at the Academy of Music. Later, in order to cure an affection of the throat, he was advised to take a long voyage, and, going out to the Pacific, he started coffee-planting in Fiji, on an estate sixty miles from the nearest white man. The life was too lonely, so he went to Sidney, where he first acted professionally, though he had done a lot of work in the amateur world in London.

Miss Annette Kellermann, whose swimming feats form so attractive a feature of the present programme at the Hippodrome, is, it need hardly be said, as comfortable in the water as the audience are in their seats. Her previous engagements differ from the present in the fact that in the former she could do exactly what she liked, while now she has to conform to the conditions of the design invented by Mr. Frank Parker. The difference between swimming at the Hippodrome in fresh water warmed to a pleasant temperature and swimming in the sea, in which Miss Kellermann is such an adept, is that she finds the latter more bracing. It is such a recreation for the performer that, as Miss Kellermann humorously puts it, on returning to the seaside she always feels like a fish in water.

One sensational episode in her career which happened in Melbourne is, happily, impossible of repetition at the Hippodrome. She was engaged by Mr. Bland Holt to give a swimming exhibition in a scene representing the sea and sea-beach. A great tank, sufficiently large and deep for the artist to make all her dives from a rock ten feet above the level of the water, was constructed to do duty for the ocean. It was winter, and, as the water was pleasantly warmed, Miss Kellermann sometimes stopped in for her own pleasure after the curtain went down. Once, when she had overswum her usual limit, the men—not noticing that she was still in the tank—started to run off the surplus water through a great overflow-pipe. Suddenly Miss Kellermann found herself flowing, as it were, off the stage into the pipe, and it took several of her most powerful strokes to counteract the force of the out-running stream and enable her to get back into the tank out of danger.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS A LIVING PICTURE AT THE EMPIRE IN 1894: "NIGHT" (MISS HETTY HAMER AND MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER).

(SEE NOTES UNDER PICTURE BELOW.)

From a Drawing published in the "Westminster Budget" in 1894; reproduced by courtesy of the "Westminster Gazette."



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AND MISS MARIE STUDHOLME IN THE EMPIRE'S LIVING PICTURES IN 1894: "THE THREE GRACES" (MISS HETTY HAMER, MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, AND MISS MARIE STUDHOLME).

It may not be generally known that Miss Constance Collier, the beautiful actress who is now playing Cleopatra in "Antony and Cleopatra" at His Majesty's, once posed in a series of living pictures at the Empire—in those produced in 1894. She also played the name-part in the ballet-spectacle "Cleopatra." It may be remarked, by the way, that the series of pictures now being given at the Empire is absolutely new.

From a Drawing published in the "Westminster Budget" in 1894; reproduced by courtesy of the "Westminster Gazette."

Smiles in Seven Stages.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



II.—THE SMILE TRIUMPHANT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"CHARLES EDWARD" is a very entertaining volume, written by Harrison Garfield Rhodes, an American who bears the names of two Presidents, and who, perhaps consciously, has given his work two common names of English Kings. The point of the book, however, is that this Charles Edward Austin is an American with fortune who marries an English girl with a title, thus reversing the general custom. It is often asked why American men do not marry English women. One reply is ready to hand—that they have very charming women of their own; and it is noticeable that Mr. Rhodes has been driven to call his English heroine Lady Angela, and to let her deeds answer to her name, in order that an air of probability may attach to his enticing tale of international felicity.

Mr. George Meredith has this month entered his eightieth year. Remembering his treatment of age in all his works, the great novelist must be much surprised at his own surviving and scarcely diminished vitality, vigour, freshness of interest, and keenness of intellect. All readers out of their own teens have been a little irritated or a little humiliated by the ages of Mr. Meredith's heroes and heroines. A man appears to be decrepit in the midst of his thirties, a woman to be well on in the decline of life at twenty-nine; and we pause to console ourselves with the age of the latest and brightest bridegroom of real life, and with the grace of the most famous living beauty—both very well in advance of Mr. Meredith's old people in age. Then, as his heroine is by preference sixteen, he has to set aside all the customs whereby Society confines a damsel of that age to the care of a governess; in Mr. Meredith's novel she must be out; as she is out also in Tennyson's "Maud," where—"not seventeen"—she keeps house, goes about alone, and gives a ball.

The poems of Beddoes are to be added to "The Muses' Library," which is so distinguished a series that inclusion in its ranks is an honour. "The World's Classics," too, bore a title that made some living authors clamour to be taken within that fold; but Beddoes, with the Muses, keeps, on the whole, the better company. His volumes will sell less, perhaps, than those of any other of the poets in the series, but this will be partly because of the recurrence throughout his work of such words and themes as death and the grave. And yet in "The Shropshire Lad" there is the same recurrence, and Mr. A. E. Housman is popular. "Are you the green-mouldy one?" asked Miss Ellen Terry when she met, for the first time, a member of the living poet's family, and did not know whether it might be the "Shropshire Lad" himself or his brother. It happened to be the brother, Mr. Laurence Housman, who did not make us laugh, exactly, over "An English-woman's Love-Letters."

Graves are not always dismal, for, perhaps by reaction from the name they bear, two sons of Bishop Graves of Limerick are fine humorists. Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves gave us the genial irony of "Father O'Flynn," and, at the same time, fitted marvellously appropriate words to a tune known a couple of hundred years ago in Cork, and whistled to him on a moment of happy chance at Cambridge. But Mr. Charles Larcom Graves is the professed humorist of the family. The colleague of Mr. Edward Verrall Lucas in the "Wisdom While You Wait" series, he preceded Mr. Lucas by about a year to the staff of *Punch*, and has been

fêted with him by fellow-authors as one of "The Signs of the Times." The son of a Bishop adds to his wit by the very incongruity of his environment; for Bishops have been the butt of everybody's wit since it was said of them by an enthusiast for original readings that they alone gained by translation; and never have they had the spirit to retort on the world, even where, as in the case of Samuel Wilberforce, the talent was not wanting. No; when he turned his tongue on anybody, it was on a fellow-dignitary—the Canon, for instance, who thought the mere "Reverend" of the inferior clergy was not quite up to his measure, while the "Very Reverend" of the Dean might be too vaulting, and to whom the Bishop at once suggested "Rather Reverend" as the happy mean. Bankers, by the way, are often classed with the Bishops for want of wit, and Mr. Lucas is a banker's son. Friendships in history have been severed for the sake of even a pun; but there is another side to that question. Wit unites, as he knew who said, "One joke of Lucas makes the whole world grin."

While a good many reconsiderations of attributions are, or ought to be, in the air at

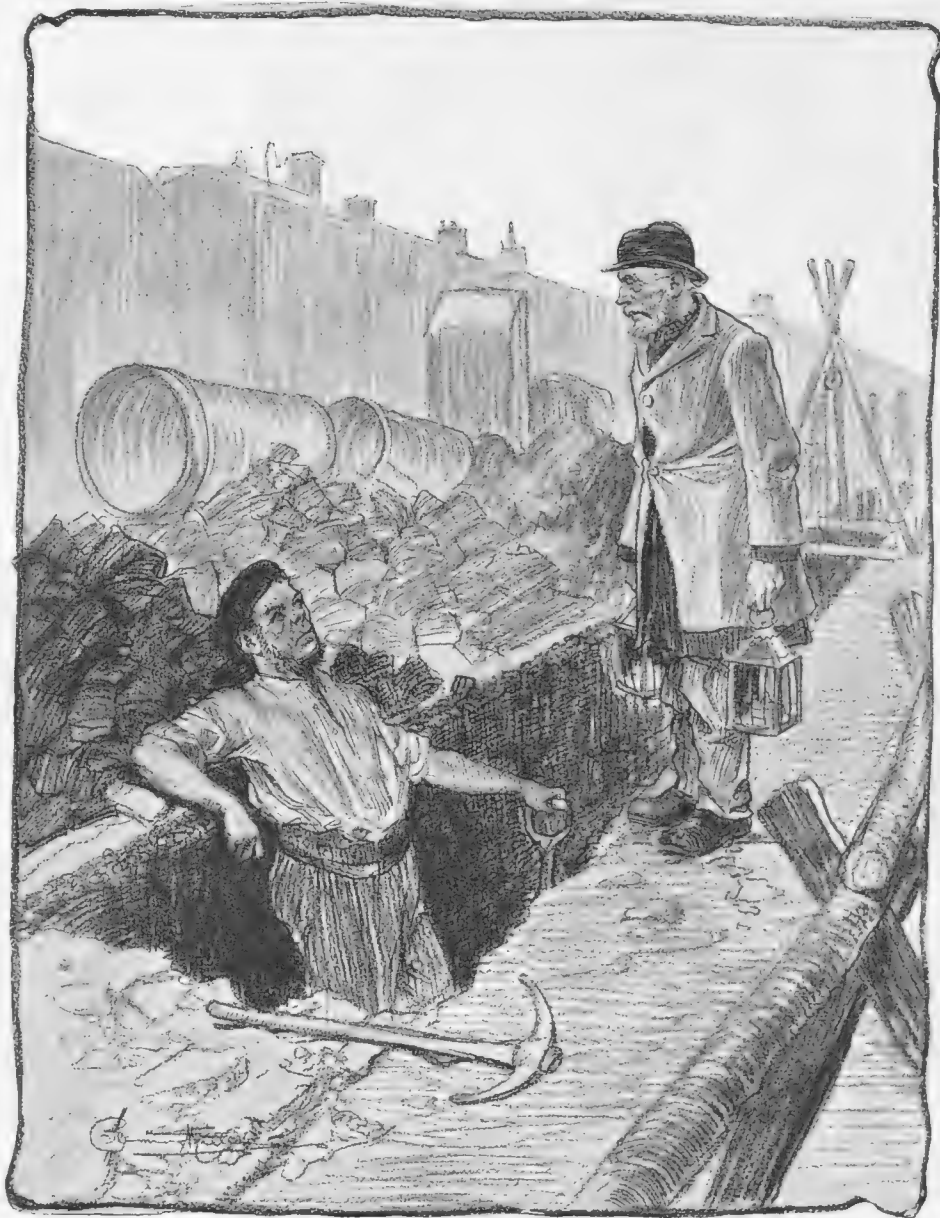
the National Gallery, in consequence of the *Athenæum's* masterly dissection of its catalogue, the same paper performs, as occasion offers, a similar service to authors robbed of their dues by the assignment of their lines to some alien source. In "The Uncommonplace Book" of Mr. C. T. Campion—a name that now reappears in our Literature and labels some excellently turned Latin and English verse—one or two such lapses may be noted. A modern English Judge is often credited in the newspapers with the description of a second marriage as "the triumph of Hope over Experience"; and even alert Mr. Campion does not know that the definition is Dr. Johnson's. Again, Mr. Campion ascribes to Sir George Rose the lines about "Gown and Surplice" which end—

For me, I neither know nor care
Whether a parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress;

Filled with a trouble of my own—
A wife who preaches in her gown
And lectures in her nightdress.

Tom Hood has somehow missed a good deal of the praise he deserves; and he should not be deprived of even the least of his hardly won laurels.

M. E.



WATCHMAN: Is it true that yer left the gunpowder factory 'cos yer thought it was dangerous, mate?
MIKE: Dangerous, is it? Whoi if I was there now I should 'ave been dead long ago.

DRAWN BY C. FLEMING WILLIAMS.

FIRESIDE PUZZLES, BY "SPHINX."

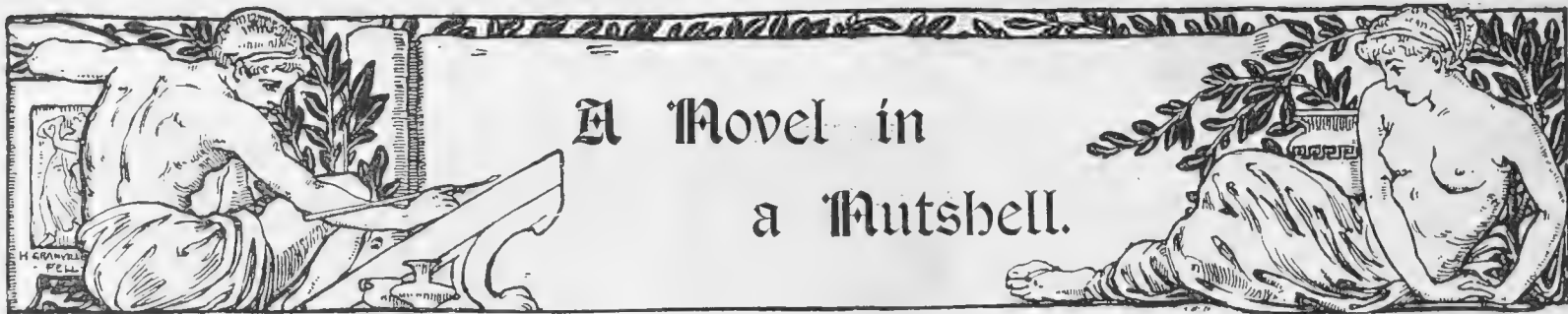
ILLUSTRATED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



VIII.—SITTING NEXT TO THE LADIES.

The six ladies had taken their seats at the round table for dinner. Then a little friendly dispute arose among their six husbands as to how they should be seated. They had previously arranged that no man should sit next to his own wife; but as several men insisted on occupying certain positions it was found impossible to fit the others in. Then began the fun which ended in the inspiring manner depicted by our artist. And yet these worthy people had plenty of ways of sitting to select from. Can you discover just how many ways? Remember that the wives are already seated and that every gentleman must sit between two ladies.—HENRY E. DUDENEY.

(For Solution see "Mere Man" page.)



A Novel in a Nutshell.

JIMMINY HARAGHEY'S PLEDGE.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.



ON a low stool poor Jimminy sat in his own chimney-corner, the picture of abasement. Nellie stood in the middle of the floor, and had fixed him with glaring eye and minatory finger. Father Dan supported the attacking party—Nellie, to wit—on the flank. Anyone with half an eye could see that, despite him, pity was struggling through the cast-iron frown which Father Dan brought to bear upon the abashed enemy. If Nellie and Nellie's tongue had not been there, Father Dan's untempered frown would have fallen upon the victim in all its awful severity, and his edged tongue would have been ruthlessly plied; his stout blackthorn, too, would have danced uncomfortably near the wretch's nose. But Nellie was there—and her tongue. So Father Dan felt himself a trifle superfluous.

"Hagh! ye ne'er-do-well! Ye good-for-nothin' spen'thrift. Hagh! ye whisky-swillin' beer-barrel ye!"—and Nellie stamped her foot to emphasise each epithet. "Ye *did* come reelin' home again last night, as dhrunk as a beggar, from the fair iv Ballintra! An' it isn't scarce three weeks ago since ye comé home as full as a dhrunken lord from Harry Love's auction! An' ten days afore that ye come home as dhrunk as two pigs from Dunnygal Fair—as dhrunk, yer Reverence, as two pigs!"—and with still outstretched hand, Nellie judiciously made a dramatic pause to give Father Dan time to comprehend the direful picture in all its enormity. "As full as two pigs, I sayed! There's a man for ye! There's a man, an' a head-iv-house, an' a father iv a family!"—Nellie looked alternately at Father Dan and the head-iv-house, and waited. Father Dan felt it was his place to come to the help of his ally.

"Why aren't ye ashamed of yourself, Sir?"

It was cruelly superfluous; but Nellie within the past twenty minutes had so completely covered the ground that there wasn't left a thing else for Father Dan to say.

Jimminy lifted one remorseful eye—at least, it seemed *one*—and rested it on Father Dan, and Father Dan felt as mean as if he had been kicking a fallen man.

"Shure, Father Dan—och, Father Dan! I *am* ashamed iv meself!"

"Ashamed iv himself—hagh!" Poor Jimminy's head went down again under the oppression of Nellie's sarcasm. "Ashamed! Shame! Troth, shame is far back in the same boy. Himself an' Shame parted at a forked road fifteen years ago, and it's the fardher they travel the fardher they're gettin' away from one another. Shame! Ashamed, *moryah!*"—and Nellie tossed her head scornfully. "When it comes till a head-iv-house bein' as dhrunk as Dan Shevlin's donkey three times inside iv seven weeks, I'd expect off yer Reverence more gumption than to be dhraggin shame intil the question."

Father Dan now felt painfully ashamed of himself.

"If it's me's not the heartbroken woman with that—that miserable object on the creepy stool there, it's the wondher. I can't thrust him a hen's race from the doore, an' know he'll come in to me sober. An' can't lift me eye off of him in market or fair—can't lift me eye whilst ye'd say 'God bliss ye,' an' not know but he'll be reelin' dhrunk when I turn it on him again."

"Nellie Haraghey," Jimminy cried out with the courage of despair, "if ye catch thrace or thrack iv liquor on me for three months to come, I'll give ye laive to br'ak sticks on me."

"Get out, ye ontruthful spawn, get out! The same words ye sayed after the day after Harry Love's auction—an' how long did ye mind them?—how long, ye vagabone ye?"

"Well, it was Pathrick Fox (the curse i' the crows on him!) made me br'ak it, I toul' ye afore."

"An' the same words, again, ye sayed Oul' Hallowmas Day?"

"Well, an' you know, Nellie, it was Lanty Stuart's Convoy did it that time for me."

"An' again, too, the Harwust Fair iv Ballintra?"

"An' it was yerself, Nellie, ye know, did that—the chrissenin', ye mind," and Jimminy leered.

"Ho-o-o! don't grin at me, or I'll lay the tongs across yer countenance, an' richly ye'd desearve them. Ho-o-o! ye scoundhril, ye hav larnt to walk out iv corners like a bee out iv a bird-cage. If ye wor only half as good at yer prayers as what ye are extracatin' yerself out iv yer picky-dillies, ye'd be in danger iv bein' whipped up to heaven in a fiery coach some day."

"Jimminy Haraghey"—Father Dan felt that duty forced him to intervene—"you've got to take the pledge." Father Dan called into his countenance all the sternness he was capable of.

"Yis," Nellie Haraghey said, stamping her foot, "he *must* take the pledge."

Jimminy Haraghey was evidently debating within himself.

"Pledges, yer Reverence, is mortal hard things to keep."

"Hard or no hard," Nellie said decisively, "you've got to take it. A pledge is a mighty sight aisier burden than a bad conscience, any day."

"Och, that's so, sure enough, Nellie. But a bad conscience doesn't bother a man so—it's there, an' ye don' know it; but if ye've got the pledge ye know it, an' ye're feeling it ivery minute in the day, an' ivery day in the week." Jimminy had spoken unguardedly.

"Oh, ye case-hardened sinner ye! An' it's come to that with ye, is it, that the bad conscience doesn't throuble ye any more at all! Ye monsther ye, Jimminy Haraghey! An' ye have the cheek to sit there an' tell it to me!"

"Jimminy Haraghey," Father Dan said severely, "I'm ashamed of ye—heartily ashamed of ye."

"What I maint to say," said Jimminy, doing the bee in the bird-cage again, "is that a bad conscience niver does bother me bekase—to the best iv my belief at laist—I niver have wan."

Father Dan felt relieved.

Nellie emitted a sarcastic grunt. "Not you! *You* niver have a bad conscience—no more nor a chimbley-sweep might have dhirty fingers."

"Jimminy Haraghey," said Father Dan, "you've got to take the pledge."

Jimminy coughed.

"Are ye goin' to take it, or aren't ye?" said Nellie. "Och, but ye're the conthrairy Christian! Say ye'll take the pledge from his Reverence, an' I'll lift me tongue off ye."

The bribe was a seductive one. It was Jimminy who knew that. Still, the prospect of going twelve months without the glory of a long drink of whisky was appalling. So he remained silent.

"Jimminy Haraghey," said Father Dan, "will ye pledge yourself not to drink liquor outside of your own house?"

"Father Dan," said he, "sure I'm willin' to do all I can to please both iv yez—"

"To please both iv *us*! Ye wratch ye! To save yer own sowl, ye mane."

"Well, to save me own sowl, if ye lake, Nellie, I'm willin' to do all I can, I'm sure."

"Thanky," Nellie said with the most cutting sarcasm.

"So I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pledge meself not to let a *dior* [drop] iv liquor cross me lips for twelvemonths from this night, barrin' what I'll dhrink in me own house or on me own lan'."

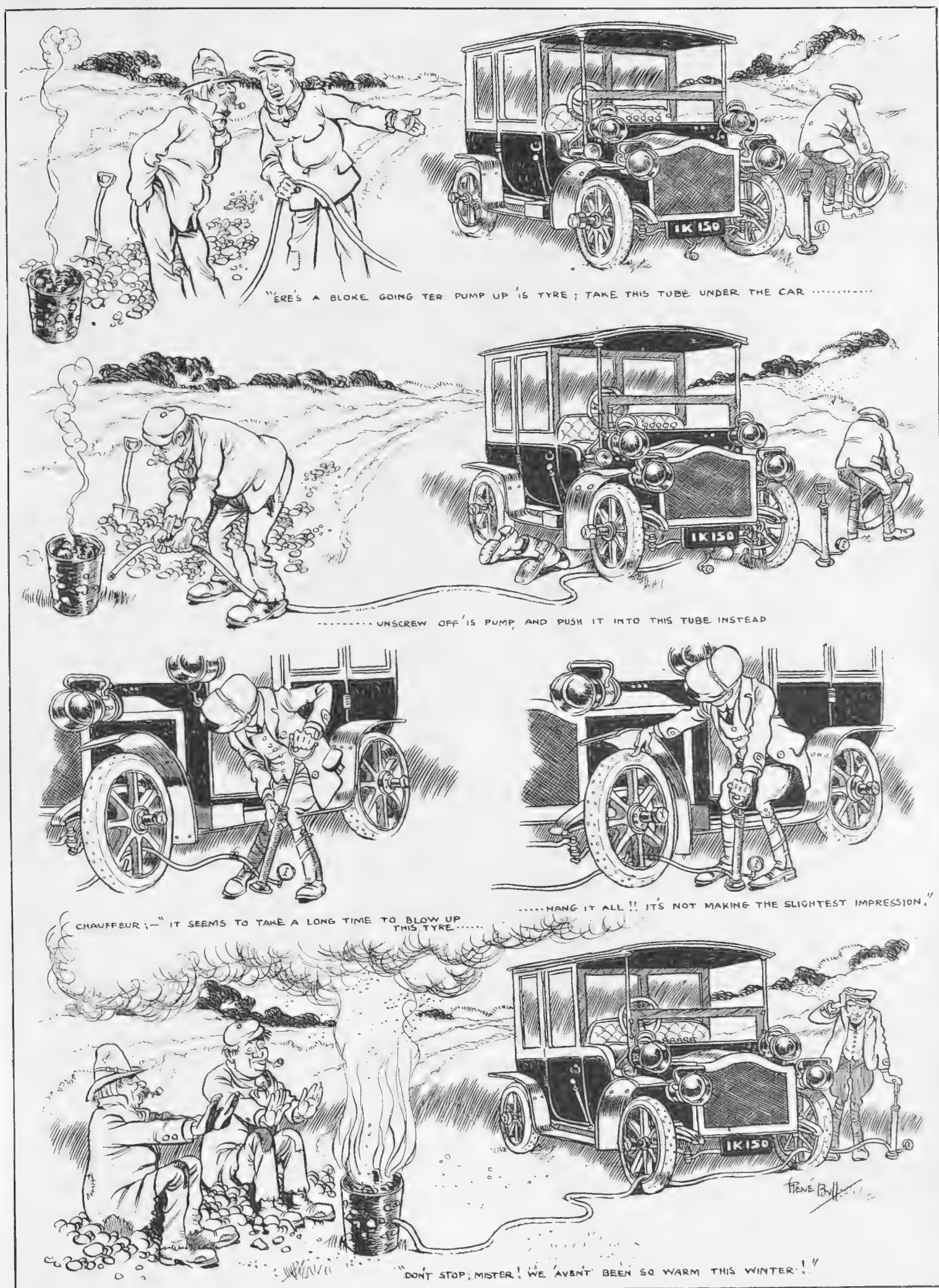
"In your own house only," said Father Dan.

"Only in yer own house," said Nellie.

"No, no, I must have the laive to take it on me own lan'. If I was diggin' out spuds, we'll say in the Crukéd Park, an' maybe wan iv the Dhrimineary boys come up the hill comin' home from Amirikay, an' that he pull't a bottle out iv his pocket an' sayed, 'Here ye are, Jimminy Haraghey, dhrink to me welcome!' wouldn't I be the shamefaced man if I had to push the bottle away an' say, 'I thank ye, Con McCue,' or 'I thank ye, Billy Burns, but I'm

[Continued overleaf.]

WHY THE CHAUFFEUR HAD THAT TIRED FEELING.



THE TRAMPS, THE CHAUFFEUR, AND THE IMPROMPTU BELLOWS.

DRAWN BY RENE BULL.

pledged'! Think iv it, Father Dan—think iv it, Nellie Haraghey! I'll—niver—do—it.' I have made yez my offer—take it or lave it." Poor Jimminy was inspired with the same spunk which a cornered rat will show.

Nellie Haraghey and Father Dan thought it better to accept the enemy's terms. His chances of drinking on his own land would be so rare, anyhow, that they could afford to humour him with the trivial concession. And so, for the space of twelve months, Jimminy Haraghey was then and there by Father Dan solemnly bound not to drink spirituous liquors except in his own house or on his own land. Father Dan and Nellie Haraghey knew Jimminy well enough, and knew the dread of doing positive evil which underlay his weak nature, and so they both sighed a sigh of real relief when they had the victim tied.

"Get up an' take out that tub iv kail to the brannie cow, now, Jimminy Haraghey, an' stan' by her head while she aits it, an' keep tippin' her on the horn with a little bit iv a stick while I milk her; an' see that 'Liza Jane McConnell"—Nellie often named her cows after their previous owners—"doesn't stick her head intil it, an' be thievin'." Good evenin', an' good luck to ye, Father Dan, an' thanky."

"Good evenin'—good evenin' to you, Jimminy; and mind yourself." Father Dan turned to shake his stick warningly at Jimminy ere he went out of the door.

"Good evenin', yer Reverence—an' good luck," he added, half-heartedly enough; and then proceeded to the byre to impose morality on 'Liza Jane McConnell.

After this, when Jimminy went out to market or meeting, whether Nellie (as guardian angel) accompanied him or remained at home, her mind was invariably easy on his account. At least, it was so for nearly six weeks.

But when the moral log had been for about that length of time attached to Jimminy Haraghey, Nellie's mental equilibrium was one night suddenly and shockingly upset; for Jimminy, having been to Donegal to bail in the bank Paddy John Melly, of the North Side (who was drawing money to go to law with Long Billy Meehan about the March-ditch), returned, not as drunk as two pigs, perhaps, but certainly as drunk as half a pig—that is, calculating according to Nellie's standard, whereby two pigs represent the very depth of degraded drunkenness. Jimminy was unsteady on his feet, we grieve to say. Nellie loaded him with reproaches, and spared him not. And next morning, when he was in more sensitive mood, and when, consequently, there was more downright satisfaction in goading him, Nellie went for him without reserve, and upbraided him with having been guilty of the meanness and the enormity of breaking his pledge.

"I didn't br'ak it. I'll swear to ye, Nellie Haraghey, on any book in Chrissendom, that I didn't br'ak me pledge," Jimminy said.

And he stuck to that, to Nellie's amazement.

On the following Saturday the little firkin of butter was to journey to Donegal Market. Nellie usually went with her own butter, and abused Mr. Dunlevy and the other buyers for conspiring to disparage and depreciate *her* butter. She had a twofold errand on this particular time: Jimminy had got to be shadowed.

Tom McMonagle bought Mrs. Haraghey's firkin this day; and whilst he was marking it with strange hieroglyphics and whistling undisturbedly under the hail of abuse Mrs. Haraghey showered upon him for giving her a farthing a pound less than he gave Nancy McLogue, than whom Mrs. Haraghey (by her own statement) could make better butter with her eyes shut, Jimminy Haraghey had slipped away, and when he came back Nellie fixed him with a stern gaze, and said—

"Jimminy Haraghey, come over here an' blow yer breath on me."

But Mohammed had, of course, to go to the mountain. Jimminy Haraghey's breath betrayed that he had once again been indulging in spirituous liquors. And once again Jimminy Haraghey solemnly protested, and swore that he had kept his pledge inviolate, and that, if Nellie *did*, by extraordinary smelling powers, scent liquor on his breath, it was the scent of a small little dhrop he had punished on his own land that day.

"Faith, me boy," Nellie assured him, "I'll lay meself out to catch ye—an' I'll expose ye, an' get Father Dan Gallagher to expose ye, an' make an example iv ye for the parish."

The fair of Ballintra fell within a fortnight. Brannie's little year-old calf had got to be sold. It was "a brave and a purty calf, and a well-doin' one, good luck to it"; but it thrived upon ill-gotten goods. It had developed a morbid taste for Mrs. Hudy Gallagher's wash. It had started on a little bib of the child's (a brave, sousy child, God bliss it!) and, approving of the flavour of this, had next attempted one of Mrs. Hudy's own checker-aprons. For a few weeks it dissipated upon aprons, but, its tastes becoming more catholic, soon began to indulge in handkerchiefs, skirts, bodices, and some other articles that it should have had more delicacy than to look at, much less put tooth in.

All this was bad enough, and sufficiently disturbed social relations between the Haraghey and the Gallagher households—for Mrs. Hudy Gallagher had visited the depredator with well-merited personal chastisement, and Nellie Haraghey had recriminated. All this, I say, was bad enough; but matters reached a climax when, one morning, Mrs. Gallagher having washed Hudy's white shirt against his going to pay the rent later in the day, and having

put it out upon the hedge (in a conspicuous place—for Hudy's shirt was an elegant one), Brannie's bad calf had come along and helped itself to a light lunch off the shirt-front, and finished up with a dainty morsel or two of dessert off the cuffs and tail. And—and—well, after that, Brannie's bad calf *had got* to be sold!

And on this particular fair of Ballintra, within a very short time after Nellie had "laid herself out" for Jimminy, Nellie and Jimminy walked off the shamefaced calf to the fair to be disposed of as dishonest, and a breeder of ill-will amongst neighbours. Jimminy meandered behind the calf, whilst Nellie sat in the cart, amidst locks of hay and straw, and bags containing grains of corn for the horse-baste—and other things.

After a deal of haggling and much loud talk and round and sound abuse from Nellie, Taig McFaggy from Over-the-Mountains acquired the dishonest calf at the ruinous price of one pound nineteen and sixpence. The ruinous price, I say advisedly: for Taig swore he was ruined; and Nellie loudly proclaimed that she was robbed. If one had been able to enter into the calf's feelings, it is more than probable it would have been found lamenting over prospects blighted, and sighing for Hudy's yet untasted shirts, which now, alas! it was never to relish.

With much adroitness Jimminy Haraghey, soon after, managed to decoy Nellie to the window of Mr. Harkin's drapery, and there very easily contrived to lose her—as, poor man, he thought. But Nellie was of the order of woman who sleeps with one eye open. "She has eyes in the back iv her head," Donal O'Donnell had said of her. Nellie kept one eye on Mr. Harkin's drapery window, and with the other followed Jimminy, as he slunk away amongst the crowd. With the good ostrich-sense peculiar to him, Jimminy made sure not to look back at Nellie, but, on the contrary, kept his eyes bent on the ground as he contrived to lose himself more and more securely at each step. Nellie laughed to herself a sarcastic, triumphant laugh. "Jimminy Haraghey, me boy," she said, "I know what ye're up till! I'll put a spoke in yer wheel the day—see if I don't."

She followed at safe distance. Jimminy she saw go to his cart in Larry MacIntyre's yard, and from it carry away one of the bags with some lump in the bottom. What could be in the bag quite puzzled Nellie! He bent his footsteps—as Nellie had anticipated—direct for Owen Gorman's public-house, and, with his little bag across his shoulder, into Owen's he slunk. "Hagh!" Nellie sardonically ejaculated, as she followed. "God be thankit!" she said the next moment—for up there stepped to her none else than Father Dan.

"Father Dan!" she said, "happy daith to ye, but it's meself is the glad woman to meet yer Reverence this minnit. What do ye think?—what do ye think, Father Dan, but that vagabone man iv mine is just after steppin' intil Owen Gorman's public-house! Come with me, Father Dan!" and she got the good man by the elbow and pulled him along at a rate which his age and growing stiffness had years ago compelled him to renounce.

But in his heart he was furious with this Jimminy Haraghey, and the clutch upon his stick grew fiercer as he neared Owen's door.

But when, with Nellie, he burst inside, and there found Jimminy Haraghey—the recently pledged Jimminy—with a large glass of sparkling whisky hastening on its way to his eager lips, the good man's rage exceeded even Nellie's. Jimminy's arm and glass were suddenly stayed, his eyes opened wide in terror, and he stood like one mesmerised.

Father Dan raised his stick, and then Jimminy backed away a step, and the spell was broken.

"Father Dan! Father Dan! For the Lord's sake!" he said in eager appeal.

"Ho-ho-ho, ye scoundrel!" said Father Dan.

"Ha-ha-ha, ye parjured villain!" said Nellie.

"How dare ye look *me* in the face and speak to me, ye sinner ye?" said Father Dan.

"How dar' ye, ye double-dyed vagabone ye?" said Nellie.

"Ye moral outcast!" said Father Dan.

"Ye limb iv the divil! (God forgive me!)" said Nellie.

"Ha-ha-ha, ye unprincipled heathen!" said Father Dan.

"Ho-ho-ho, ye onregenerate, miserable spawn ye!" said Nellie.

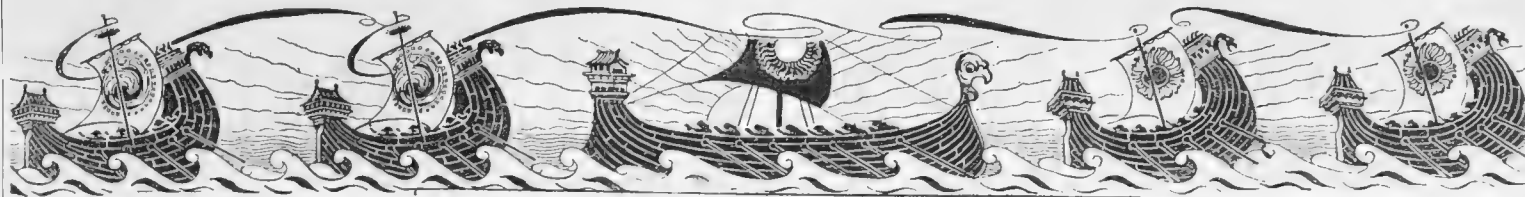
"I *thought* I gave ye a pledge not many weeks ago," said Father Dan, who all this time had the stick suspended, meaning to unburthen his stomach of all the gall this fellow had earned before he would lay the corrector upon him.

"I thought ye tuk the pledge from his Reverence, pagan?" said Nellie.

"I tuk," said Jimminy Haraghey, "a pledge not to dhrink whisky, barrin' on me own lan." Father Dan Gallagher an' Nellie Haraghey, does the both iv yez see *that*?"—and with his toe he indicated a something on the floor by the side of the counter. "*That*," said Jimminy, "is a sod I cut this mornin' out iv the limekiln corner iv the Crukéd Park. Plaise, Father Dan, stan' back an' let me finish this *dior*." And Jimminy stepped on to the sod, off which he had been coerced, and threw off the glass with the hand of an adept.

Nellie Haraghey went around the public-houses of Ballintra and collected five sods of her husband's land, and feed Lucky Gorriw for casting them into the river.

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

KING EDWARD and his Consort came so unexpectedly to Paris that people had to invent a reason. A mere holiday was immediately pooh-poohed by the political sages of the boulevards. "No, no, impossible," they said, and the really knowing ones took you aside and whispered in your ear the absolute truth. "Yes," they said, "I know it for a fact. Edward has come in connection with Church and State. He wants to see how they do it in France, so that he can perform the operation neatly when the time comes in England." "Nonsense," said another, "it is not that at all. His Gracious Majesty has come to discuss the Tunnel. He and M. Fallières will construct it between them, so that each can spend week-ends in the other's capital." "On the contrary," corrected a third party, "I know for a fact that the King is here to arrange with M. Briand the subject of the corps-de-ballet of the Opéra. There is some suggestion, as you know, of abolishing the ballet; the King is an authority in artistic matters, and will not hear of it." Even these explanations did not exhaust the ingenuity of the boulevards. Another and even wiser person ventured to remark that the King was in Paris to launch a new mode for men—the brown overcoat with moleskin collar. Anyway, the King's programme whilst in gay Lutetia was that of any tourist: harmless enough to dissipate any diplomatic suspicions.

"Youth at the Prov." The rumoured engagement of young Viscount Curzon, the only son of Earl Howe, to his still more youthful cousin, Miss Mary Curzon, is arousing most sympathetic interest, especially in Court circles. Lord Howe is Queen Alexandra's Lord Chamberlain, which is particularly appropriate, as his grandfather served Queen Adelaide in the same capacity. There is still preserved at Gopsall—where, by the way, their present Majesties have often stayed—a magnificent gold dinner-service for sixteen people, the gift of Queen Adelaide to her Lord Chamberlain. Since the death of his brilliant and accomplished wife last year, Lord Howe has lived in retirement. Young Lord Curzon, who was educated at Eton and at Oxford, has always

been keen on reviving the naval glories of his family. He served in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve under the Hon. Rupert Guinness, and was recently promoted to Lieutenant in that corps, who are by no means "carpet knights," but undergo serious training. Miss Curzon, who can hardly yet be said to have "come out," is the only daughter of Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, Lord Howe's uncle. Her mother is a FitzRoy, a kinswoman of the Duke of Grafton, and sister of Mr. Almeric FitzRoy, the Clerk of the Privy Council.



UNCLASSIC ARCHITECTURE IN CLASSIC ROME: THE VILLA RECENTLY ERECTED IN THE ETERNAL CITY BY AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE.

The building is in curious contrast to many of those surrounding it, and has caused a good deal of comment.

Photograph by Halfpence, Limited.

Why King Leopold is Not King of France.

It has only just come out that in 1870 the Crown of France was very nearly offered to the King of the Belgians. In some diplomatic correspondence lately published in Berlin, there is an account of an interview which M. Thiers had with Baron de Rothschild just after the first French defeats. M. Thiers said that, as it was evident that the Empire was about to fall, it would be a good thing to offer the crown of France to King Leopold, in order to check the ambitions of the Orleans family, as he did not think that a Republic would last long in France. The Baron was too cautious to agree to this, but he spoke of the suggestion to his private secretary, who in turn told the Prussian Secretary of Legation in London. Thus it appears that in 1870 France was within an ace of being annexed to Belgium.

A Strike of Viper-Killers.

Strikes are in the air just now, but, odd as the music-hall strike may seem, there is an even odder one in Switzerland, in the Canton of Geneva. Some parts of the Canton are infested with vipers, so much so that viper-killing is a regular calling, and is followed by a considerable number of persons. A reward of one franc for every viper killed used to be given by the Department of Justice and Police, which has these reptiles in charge, but lately the Department lowered the reward to fifty centimes. But the viper-killers objected, as they truly said that their calling had got no less dangerous, and so they went out on strike. As long as the dispute lasts people are advised not to walk in the woods near Geneva.



THE TICHBORNE "CRAWLS": THE RESULT OF THE EXTRAORDINARY REQUEST OF A DYING WOMAN.

The story concerning the "Crawls" is as follows: Many years ago a connection of the Tichbornes, who was dying, persuaded the head of the family to grant to the poor as much land as she could crawl over before she died. The wish was granted, and the old lady crawled over a considerable plot of land. On this land crops were raised year by year for the benefit of the poor, but now another piece of ground of the same area is used, the original being fenced in. The flour ground from the crops grown thereon is distributed to the poor each year on the 25th of March.

Photograph by Brunell.



THE COCKLESHELL CRAFT ON WHICH MR. LUCAS, THE ACTOR FOUND DEAD IN THE SEINE, TRAVELLED HALF-WAY ROUND THE WORLD.

Some days ago the body of Mr. Hubert Evelyn Lucas was found in the Seine, and it was believed that he had been murdered. This, however, was disproved. As Hubert Evelyn, Mr. Lucas was on the stage for some time, here and in America; but when he married some years ago he gave up his theatrical career and set out on a tour round the world in the boat here shown, his wife, of course, accompanying him. Their child was born at sea. The "Sea-Shell," small as she is, passed safely through the fierce waters of the Atlantic, and the tornadoes and cyclones of the West Indies.

Photograph by A. H. MacNaughton, London.



KEY-NOTES



THE German Opera Season at Covent Garden has been such a financial and artistic success that we are promised twelve weeks of the present season instead of the original eight, and arrangements are being made for another German Season next year. The management deserve all praise for producing masterpieces as seldom heard as "Der Freischütz" and "Fidelio." Mozart's "Magic Flute" and Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" are also promised in the near future. The London Symphony Orchestra has been beyond reproach, and seldom has such a fine *ensemble* been heard at Covent Garden.

Mr. Dohnanyi was fortunate to have Mr. Becker as solo violoncellist for the performance of his "Concertstück," which was given at the last Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall, for he certainly made the most of the music allotted to him. The composition, on the whole, is not very inspiring; indeed, at times it is somewhat dull and uninteresting. Mr. Henry Wood and his band were in capital form, and did everything possible to make the work a success, but the fact remains that Mr. Dohnanyi writes best for his own special instrument, the pianoforte, of which he is also a very fine player. The remainder of the concert was most interesting, and amongst other items Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was played with fine breadth of feeling, and deservedly won great applause.

Patrons of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society mustered in full force last week at the Queen's Hall, when Mr. Ernest Ford gave a capital performance of Brahms's Tragic Overture. This Society, under Mr. Ford's capable direction, is making immense strides in everything it undertakes, and is gaining in refinement and brilliancy.

Among the most successful concerts of the past week must be mentioned Mr. Harold Bauer's pianoforte recital at the Bechstein Hall. The programme was exceedingly well chosen and most interesting, including three of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," now so seldom heard on the concert platform; they were played with delightful simplicity and charm, which made one wish for more of these perfect "songs." Mr. Bauer was equally successful in the more strenuous works, Schumann's Sonata and César Franck's Prelude, Fugue, and Variations being beautifully rendered. There was a very large and appreciative audience present on the occasion in question.

COMPOSER-EXTRAORDINARY TO MR. SEYMOUR HICKS: MR. HERBERT HAINES, WHO HAS WRITTEN THE MUSIC FOR "MY DARLING."

Mr. Hicks has a genial habit of writing the plays in which he appears, and he has also a habit of asking Mr. Herbert Haines to write the music that goes with them. Mr. Haines is responsible for the score of "My Darling," which is due at the Hicks Theatre on the 5th of next month, and he also wrote the music for "The Talk of the Town," "The Catch of the Season," and "The Beauty of Bath."

Photograph by Haselden

A LADY SOLOIST AT THE CITY TEMPLE WHO HAS RESIGNED ON ACCOUNT OF MR. CAMPBELL'S "NEW" THEOLOGY: MISS LUCIE JOHNSTONE.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell's "new" theology has raised a militant spirit in many, and he is as strenuously opposed in his belief by certain members of his congregation as he is by "outsiders." Amongst those who have rebelled against the new teaching is Miss Lucie Johnstone, who has given up her position as contralto soloist at the City Temple.

Photograph by Russell.

liancy. Miss Gertrude Meller, a young artist who is rapidly coming to the fore, played Rubinstein's pianoforte concerto in a most satisfactory manner. The vocalists for the occasion were Miss Louise Dale, and that charming Spanish artist, Señor Luigi Alvarez.

Anything in the way of novelty deserves our gratitude, and therefore much praise must be awarded to Mr. Arthur Fagge for his enterprise in producing Enrico Bossi's "Paradise Lost" at the concert given by the London Choral Society at the Queen's Hall a few days ago. We fear that the result of the production was scarcely adequate to the trouble that had been taken over it. Mr. Enrico Bossi calls his work a "Prologue" and "Cantata" in three parts, and although he is known to us as an able pianist and good all-round musician, this work does not appeal very forcibly, nor do we think that it will much enhance his reputation. Built as it is on somewhat ambitious lines, Mr. Bossi is inclined to substitute noise for brilliancy, nor does he seem to grasp the poetical side of the poem. Perhaps he is most successful in his dramatic effects, and the numbers for the chorus and orchestra are often very finely developed. Mr. Fagge tried hard to secure a success, as did the soloists, but the work was often too reminiscent of other composers to be appreciated at its true value. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies brought great earnestness to bear, as is his wont, on the part of Satan; and Miss Perceval Allen sang with much charm and expressiveness as Eve. The other soloists were Mrs. George Swinton, Mr. Dalton Baker, and Mr. Kaya.



A BRITISH TENOR ENGAGED TO SING AT THE HOF THEATER, VIENNA: MR. PHILIP BROZEL (AS SIEGFRIED).

Mr. Brozel, who has just been engaged to sing in Vienna for the next five years, is a British subject. He it was who recently played Herod in Strauss's "Salome" in Germany, and he has also met with considerable success as Siegfried, Tristan, Otello, and in "Die Meistersinger," "Aida," and "Die Liebesgeige."

Photograph by Metz.

Another successful concert given within the last few days was that of Miss Isabel Hirschfeld at the Aeolian Hall. Miss Hirschfeld must first be awarded high praise for going out of the beaten track of pianists and giving such solos as pieces by Paradies and Scarlatti, which neither grow old nor lose their charm. Nor were the modern masters neglected, for Sibelius, the Finnish composer, and Cyril Scott, that rising young English composer, furnished some interesting items. Miss Hirschfeld thoroughly understood their various moods, thus giving us a proof of her versatility. She also played Chopin's Prelude in E-flat and Etude in E major, and in both of these she was equally successful. A large audience testified their pleasure at Miss Hirschfeld's efforts. When will singers understand that French is perhaps the most difficult language to enunciate? Miss Emma Davidson, the vocalist of the occasion, has certainly not realised this fact, and in consequence her singing of "Le Temps des Roses" was greatly marred. Mr. Lindo was a very able accompanist.

COMMON CHORD.



THE TOURIST TROPHY DATE FIXED: MANXLAND AGAIN! A SPARSITY OF ENTRIES—NON-SKID TRIALS: ALL 'BUS-FITTINGS—A CHANCE TO POACH AT BROOKLANDS—PROTECTION AGAINST WEATHER—A PERFECT ENGINE-TESTER—TWICE-SOLD CARS.

KEENLY alive to the prosperity of their dainty island, the Manxmen who sit upon the Highway Board of the Isle of Man have agreed that the International Tourist Trophy Race of 1907 shall again rejoice the hearts and aid to fill the pockets of Mona's hard-working population. Tuesday and Thursday, May 28 and 30, are set down for the decision of the now classic Tourist Trophy event, and the new competition for heavy touring cars. British manufacturers are ever blind to their own interests—so blind in this respect, indeed, that they are hanging fire in the matter of entering for both these races. At present but eighteen are down to start for the established event, and three for the other, totals which compare very unfavourably with the excellent support received by the French and German Clubs for the races promoted by them. No fewer than ninety-two entries, with an entrance fee of £150 per car, have been received for the German Emperor's Cup, while some thirty cars are down to compete for the Grand Prix of France.

The number of cars booked for these two races and for previous events on the Continent indicates the belief that foreign manufacturers hold in competitions; and surely what is good for the Continental maker should also benefit his British confrère. Winning apart, the advertisement gained by participation in these races is regarded as quite worth such heavy entry expenditure; and while the publicity of the two British events is every whit as great, the entry fees are something like a fifth of those above quoted.

The non-skid devices which were brought to test last week over a specially prepared surface on the Clement-Talbot Company's testing track at North Kensington had all been designed for use with motor-omnibuses, and, except in one instance, were quite unsuitable for application to private cars. As it was, I do not think that one of the fittings could be said to have given entire satisfaction. Indeed, one well-known expert, after watching the trials for the whole of the first day, remarked that side-slip, or its prevention, was still an unsolved problem. Personally, I think that the Dunlop steel-studded tyres, or the Michelin or Continental non-skids are good enough for pleasure vehicles. Moreover, I am anxious to learn whether the substitution of Elastes for compressed air has any effect on side-slip.

Those who are looking forward to great speed-events at the rapidly growing Brooklands Automobile Track are apparently somewhat concerned to learn that the racing-course is to be measured some ten feet out from the edge on the bends. If this is so, it must surely strike the most unmathematical mind that the car that can be driven close in to the edge will save a

good many yards even in one circuit, and, that being so, competitors will jockey for the inside berth and poach every yard they know. Moreover, it seems to me that such a shortage will endanger the reception abroad of any motor records made. However, I understand that Colonel Holden, R.E., who is, I believe, the head of the Woolwich Arsenal, is to determine this point, as well as the shape and slope of the banks.



"LITTLE MICHU" AND MOTOR EXPERT: MISS MABEL GREEN DRIVING HER NEW 16-H.P. REO LANDAULETTE.

Miss Mabel Green is one of the many young actresses who enjoy few things more than a good motor ride. She is here shown on her Reo Landulette, the first car of the type that Reo Motors, Limited, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, have built. The price of such a car is £365. "complete as it stands."

Photograph by Bassano.

imprisoned exploded gases above the piston, both in their driving, exhaust, induction, and compression phases, has been little more than a matter of surmise; but now the Schulze Manograph is to tell designers all about it, and afford them opportunities to rectify any faults. So, soon we ought to have the perfect internal-combustion engine.



A "SKETCH" ARTIST AS MOTORIST: MR. JOHN HASSALL ON HIS 23-30-H.P. ARGYLE AFTER CLIMBING THE TEST HILL IN RICHMOND PARK.

practice, and Purchaser No. 2 buys it in good faith, Purchaser No. 1 cannot recover it. It seems strange, but as the law's a "hass," it would appear better to pay your money and take your car right away.

The enclosed car is undoubtedly an excellent possession for the wealthy, but the man of moderate means asks for some sort of protection against the elements which, while it does not make his car look like a coal-scoop, will yet permit him to drive it just as any other gentleman can drive a trap or dog-cart, without loss of dignity. The other day I caught a brief glimpse of what struck me as quite an admirable and sufficient arrangement, one which did not necessitate the heavy, cumbersome, and ugly double hood. A single, smart leather hood protected the back seat, and a light waterproof sheet was stretched from the top rail of a Morgan protector-screen to the hood. Drop side-sheets enclosed the side gaps, and a sheet with talc light in the centre depended from the hood to the back of the front seat.

Now that a machine called the Schulze Manograph has been perfected, I think we may look for further improvements in the internal-explosion engine as built for motor-car propulsion. This wonderful device permits the exact happenings within the cylinder to be observed by means of the comparative diagrams traced on a glass sheet by a tiny beam of light. Hitherto the behaviour of the

By the revelations of a case recently heard before the Courts, in which the Sale of Goods Act was particularly concerned, it would appear a wise thing to take a car right away the moment it has been paid for. Of course, if possible, one would like to anticipate the payment, but vendors are so prejudiced in these little matters. If the car is left with the vendor for any time, and that vendor thinks fit to sell it over again, presumably for

THE WORLD OF SPORT

DOUBLE EVENTS—STARTING-GATES—PLUNGING.

THE playful double is just as popular as ever with the little speculator, and already a long list of doubles has been laid by the Continental agents. Of course the popular double is Dean Swift for the Lincoln Handicap and Timothy Titus for the Grand National. It is hoped that the first-named will represent Mr. J. B. Joel on the Carholme, although it must not be forgotten that Prince William, who finished second for the St. Leger, is also engaged. Another favourite double is His Eminence and Wolf's Folly. The first-named belongs to that good sportsman, Lord Howard de Walden, while Wolf's Folly belongs to Mr. Gorham, who won the Grand National with Shannon Lass. I have been told of a 'cute speculator who has taken a big stake about Sarcelle and Flaxman. The first-named is now trained by J. Lewis, who won the Cambridgeshire with Comedy and the Derby Cup with Laodamia. It was said at the time that over £10,000 was netted by the stable by Comedy's win. The horse was owned by a Belfast linen-manufacturer, the late Mr. Fulton, who was a friend of Mr. H. M. Dyas. Sarcelle lost his form last year; but he is said to have wintered well, and if he is the best from Netheravon, he will take some stopping at Lincoln. As all the world knows, Flaxman is owned by his Majesty the King, and the crowd would dearly like to see the royal colours successful at Aintree once more. The horse is a good jumper and is now said to be thoroughly sound. I think he ought to get over the course, as horses schooled at the Curragh always jump a stiff country well. The favourite double of the Newmarket touts is Kaffir Chief and Red Lad. The former is very well, but is not certain to run at Lincoln. Red Lad finished second at Aintree last year, and may safely be trusted to get over the country again.

Several would-be patentees are perfecting new starting-gates, and one that is being experimented with by a gentleman who has for some years been working in connection with racing in France is said to be pretty nearly perfect. I shall have a look at the model in a few days, and hope to be able to say more about it at a future date. It is, of course, absolutely necessary, in the interests of fair play, to adopt the most perfect machine; yet there is not a gate invented up to now that would make a shy two-year-old tractable, and I think more stress should be laid on the matter of training at the gate. I suggest that an inspector be appointed to test all the two-year-olds at starting on the training-grounds. If any youngster could not pass the preliminary exam., it should not be allowed on a racecourse, at any rate until it had become qualified. This would act as a lever

to the trainers, who would soon see that the two-year-olds were properly schooled at the gate. Further, any jockey ill-treating a two-year-old at the starting-post should be made to stand down for a week or two. I have said many times before that Sloan's success was, in the opinion of many, due to the tender manner in which he handled horses, and also to the tone of his voice. Tom Cannon senior, one of the best riders of a two-year-old who ever sat in a saddle, was never known even to cuff a young horse. Others I could mention have ruined no end of young horses by their hog-gish treatment of them. A young thoroughbred is as sensitive as a child, and it seldom forgets acts of ill-treatment. Luckily, the stewards of our day are always on the look-out for rough riding, and they do not hesitate to inquire into any very palpable case.



"HIPPO. ISLAND": A BABY SUNNING ITSELF ON THE BACK OF A DEAD HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The lamented death of the Marchioness of Hastings has recalled the big plunging that took place over racing in the Hermit era. It reads like a fairy-tale to be told nowadays that a quarter of a million went into three hands over the win of Hermit, while the late Marquess of Hastings is supposed to have lost quite as much when Mr. Chaplin's colt proved successful. It would be impossible nowadays for any speculator to win a tenth part of the sum out of the ring. Indeed, £50 invested at the post would any day turn a neglected outsider into a pronounced favourite. I believe Captain Machell netted a big sum over the victory of Hermit, but I am told that the owner, Mr. Henry Chaplin, secured a very trifling sum in bets. This statement is borne out by the fact that Mr. H. Chaplin released Custance from the mount after Hermit had broken a blood-vessel on the exercise-grounds at home.

When the horse reached Epsom and went so well, Captain Machell wanted Custance to ride, but the stewards would not give way, and Daley had the mount, while Custance rode The Rake. As many racegoers know, Hermit, who looked like an old cabhorse, had won the race half-a-mile from home. Indeed, he was never really extended. The Marchioness's second husband, Sir George Chetwynd, was some



"CAMPING OUT" ON DEAD HIPPOPOTAMI: A FINE BAG IN EAST AFRICA.

few years back one of the handsomest men on the racecourse, but he is seldom seen at any but the big meetings nowadays. He and Lord Lurgan had a remarkable run of luck when their horses were trained by R. G. Sherrard and ridden by Charley Wood. Indeed, Sherrard once or twice led back twenty winners in the one week, and was presented by his patrons with a good round sum in honour of the occasion.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Militant Peeresses. It is all very well for Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd-George to talk about reforming or demolishing a House of Hereditary Peers, but are they not reckoning without the Peeresses? In the West, as in the East, it is usually the wife who has the final vote, and alike in London, in Potsdam, in the Winter Palace or the Yildiz Kiosk petticoat influence is sempiternal. The astute American knows this so well that he tries to make politics so sordid and disagreeable a business that his womenkind prefer to leave it alone. If the pie is clean enough, be sure that woman will have her fingers in it. When the House of Lords is seriously threatened, we shall see such a gathering-up of purple trains for the great fight as will strike awe into the beholder. The Tribunes of the People will encounter in mortal combat the Tiaras of Society. It will be not only a diverting, but a significant spectacle. Tory Peeresses, we may be sure, will die in the last ditch—or, rather, on the last bench of the House of Lords, which they so often grace with their presence. Certainly it will matter very little to that unbending Radical, the President of the Board of Trade; but how is that favourite of London Society, Mr. Winston Churchill, going to face the wrath of all his feminine friends, relations, and admirers? Most sensible people—including Lord Rosebery—agree that our hereditary Chamber is nowadays somewhat of an anachronism; but who is going to be the first to deprive the great ladies of England of power and influence?

The Sad Case of the Novelist. Now that the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge has been abolished, what are the novelists—male and female after their kind—going to do for a hero? This erudite and accomplished young gentleman was as necessary to their craft as are the Socialist cricketing curate, the infamous Italian or Russian, or the young person who develops from a hoyden into an imposing woman of the world in six months. It is true that we have still the hero who possesses the Victoria Cross; but your popular, industrious author can turn out two books a year, and you cannot bestow the V.C. too often—even in novels. Nor will a lesser state and dignity than that of Senior Wrangler convey conviction to the public. Even the Double-First of the rival University has never enjoyed any special vogue in fiction. The very word Wrangler is imposing, and inspires awe and respect, possibly from its association in many minds with domestic scenes of a disquieting order. So, whatever the merits of the affair from an

educational point of view, we must all mourn the disappearance of this useful representative of Intellect.

A Royal Housemaid.

Loud and strenuous are the arguments in favour of this or that form of exercise or sport for women. Fencing or croquet, ju-jitsu or the watering of flowers are in turn earnestly recommended by various

experts as the only things necessary to our physical salvation; but I begin to think that, in a decade or so, we shall have all gone back to the useful and healthful exercise of scouring dishes and sweeping floors, for in fifteen years there will be possibly no handmaidens left to attend to our domestic needs. All will have retired on comfortable compensation pensions. Housework, the doctors say, is the best of all exercises, and the Swedish physicians, who are experts on this subject, once ordered her Majesty the Queen of Sweden to "make beds" every morning for an hour. Like a sensible woman, she followed their advice, and recovered her health. But we are not all Queens, with time on our hands with which to make beds of a morning, and the woman with a profession or a family is hard put to it to know how she shall keep her health in a world of scurry. I know, indeed, one well-known writer who lives the simple life and does her own cooking and gardening, sweeping and dusting; but then she dwells on a breezy hilltop in the country, and in the country, it is notorious, a day contains many more hours than it does in London.

The Eternal Question. Miss Helen Mathers is of opinion that the right age for a woman to marry is—when she has caught the proverbial hare. This candid statement leaves one thoughtful, and, indeed, opens up alarming vistas. It is notorious that boys usually become enamoured of women double their own age, so that if everyone were to follow our witty author's advice, we should see some oddly

assorted couples. For women, alas! are apt to remain sentimental to an advanced age. A charming French grandmother of sixty-five was asked at what age women ceased to be interested in the *grande passion*. Smiling prettily, she replied, "Ah, you must ask someone older than I am." The whole difficulty of the marriage question—early or late—seems to be that most people are of opinion that men should not marry until late, if at all, while they are equally decided that all girls should take husbands directly they grow up. How, then, is this urgent social matter to be satisfactorily arranged? Only the March Hare could give a real solution of the difficulty.



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL DINNER-GOWN.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

WE British women ought to be grateful to Dame Nature for the good skins she has vouchsafed to us. We are not ungrateful, but we usually abuse the gifts and then complain about our delicate, sensitive skins. Much more reasonable it would be, seeing that the conditions of our modern life call upon us to try them severely, to help nature by protecting the good gifts she has showered on us, and, if injury befall them, to set about having them repaired.

This can be done by following a perfectly rational and hygienic course of home treatment prescribed and provided for by the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street. There is no nasty make-up, not the smallest hint of artificiality; the remedies are those used by a highly successful lady who for years has practised skin-treatment among a very large clientèle, which includes many of the most beautiful women of the day.

Skin-food is a necessity, and is provided in the most delicate way. We all more or less starve our poor skins, and then blame them when they visibly protest. Bracing up the skin of our faces we also disgracefully neglect, yet it has to brave the differing atmospheres. There is a Braccine which is as pleasant to use as it is effectual for its purpose. What is perhaps most useful to the woman who means to help Nature to preserve her good gift on through many years of a more or less artificial life is a little simple course of home treatment, consisting of skin-food, Cyclax special lotion—an invaluable preparation—throat lotion, powder specially prepared, oatmeal water-softener, and some of the Cyclax soap, which makes washing a pleasure more acute than we Britishers usually experience in ablutions, which is saying much. Those who want to make the best of themselves in this life—and what right-minded woman does not?—should go to the Cyclax Company and have the advice of a lady whose fame for success is wide, and then follow it, not spasmodically, but perseveringly.

There are many things in life we should like double, such as our incomes, but never—ah, never, our chins! Yet it is a sad fact that the latter double more easily than the former. Again the matter should be taken in hand with the earliest symptom. A Cyclax chin-strap is an infallible preventive; it is also a certain cure; but the old proverb still holds good—the first is better than the second. There is no defect of face, neck, or hands that is not thought of, and either prevented or cured; the cult of physical beauty is pursued on the right lines, and the remedies, cures, and protectives of the Cyclax Company are really valuable because they have achieved such undoubted success for so many years privately. There are also luxuries, such as a delicious perfume called "Ideale," used for dress sachets, also for soap and for bath-salts, which form the most delightful and seductive antidote to rheumatism. Some quite new Lustrines and a Lustre ointment are productions that have at once "caught on" and created a great demand.

There was once a soldier who described his General's afterclaps as far better than the standing army. It is so sometimes with sales. The Great White Sale which began on Monday at Peter Robinson's Brobdingnagian establishment in Oxford Street is being extolled by the careful as one of the best of the bargain marts. White feather boas, coque and ostrich—most becoming of comforts; white blouses—most dainty of necessities; white robes—handsomest of spring and summer fresh attire; white underclothing of the neatest and most elaborate description; white underskirts—dressy and delightful, in silk or in longcloth, and white household linen, tablecloths, bed-spreads, pillow-cases—all those things in which householders have ruefully contemplated a great rise in price; also white curtains, to make our hearts realise and rejoice over the spring cleaning—are all being sold at prices absolutely irresistible to the thoughtful buyer. The sale lasts for twelve days from its commencement, and it is really an event in the annals of advantageous purchasing.

Some mitigation to the deplorable condition of having no motor-car—one demanding the sympathy of all right-minded women—is afforded by the fact that one's friends possess these luxuries and are pleased to offer their speedy hospitalities to such of us as are moved to envy and admiration. It is therefore permitted to us all to have motor clothes; in fact, we are called upon to possess ourselves thereof in order to play the part of

appreciative passengers in our friends' new cars. Drykitt, a deliciously suggestive name for a company supplying all necessities and luxuries to the enterprising motorist of either sex, becomes a centre to which we are constantly attracted. A walk up Bond Street—dear phrase of the diary-keeping Pepys, which bears much repetition—a turn to the left, and this centre is reached. Here, for instance we can become possessed of a leather coat—a natty feminine version of a chauffeur is quite an attractive thing—soft and pliable, double-breasted, with revers which can be left open to show a piquantly contrasting, dainty cravat, or closed up to protect it, the collar lying flat, like that of a military overcoat, all the time. It is lined through with soft camel's-hair cloth, and is quite a dreadnought garment.

The new Drykitt motor-hat is not quite round—more oblong in shape. The brim is stiffened and turned downward, while at one side are some wing-feathers of the blue jay. It is made in cord-velvets, as well as serges and cloth, and it is at once more becoming to the front of our heads, where we wear our faces, and much less uncompromisingly pudding-like at the back, than our old friends in the way of motor-caps.

The Law Guarantee and Trust Society, Limited, having decided to extend the scope of its transactions, has recently acquired the United Legal Indemnity Insurance, Limited, with a substantial premium income and large agency organisation. The "United Legal" transacts the following classes of insurance business:

- (1) employers' liability insurance;
- (2) third-party risks of all kinds;
- (3) motor-car insurance; (4) personal accident and sickness insurance;
- (5) plate-glass insurance; (6) burglary, housebreaking, and larceny insurance; (7) registered post insurance. The policies of the "United Legal" are all up to date, and reasonable premiums are charged. Special attention will be paid to employers' liability insurance business, and a liberal policy protecting householders, landowners, and others against legal liabilities under the Workmen's Compensation Act 1906 is in preparation, and also another policy, by which the assured, in addition to having this protection, will be in a position to recompense a servant in the event of his or her meeting with an accident which does not come under the Act. The premium for the former will be three shillings for each indoor servant, and for the latter policy five shillings; but rather more will be charged for outdoor servants, such as gardeners, coachmen, grooms, stable hands, etc., and, of course, more still for gamekeepers and chauffeurs.

The foundation-stone of the new buildings for the offices of Messrs. John Dewar and Sons, Limited, was laid by Sir Thomas R. Dewar the other day. Under the foundation-stone was placed a casket containing specimens of advertising matter utilised at the present time for selling the famous product of the company, a sample bottle of "White Label," with which the finders may drink "Peace to the Founders" many years hence; a short history of distilling, various newspapers, and certain details of present-day methods of life.

Both the amateur and professional vocalist will be interested in the publication of two new songs by Mr. E. J. Lusby. The first of these is patriotic, and bears the title "England's Sea-Dogs." The other is "Love's Adoration." Both are published by Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood, and Crew, Limited, of 16, Mortimer Street, W.

Sixteen years ago, in unpretentious premises, the business now conducted by the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company was commenced in the City of London. The premises originally occupied were, to use a colloquialism, scarcely large enough to "swing a cat round," whereas to-day the company possesses not only large premises specially erected for their requirements at 125 and 126, Fenchurch Street, but a branch in Oxford Street, a manufactory—in which some hundreds of hands are employed—at Sheffield, and branches in centres so far removed from London as Cairo, Alexandria, Singapore, Buenos Ayres, Madrid, and Seville. The growth of the City business of late has induced the heads of the firm to enter upon a still further extension by the acquisition of the fully licensed premises, Mabey's Restaurant, adjoining their Fenchurch Street headquarters. Needless to say, the license is to be allowed to lapse.



MRS. WILLIAM BICKFORD (FORMERLY MISS LOUIE PENNINGTON), WHO WAS MARRIED AT ST. CLEMENT DANE'S CHURCH THE OTHER DAY.

Mrs. Bickford is the daughter of the Rev. J. H. S. Pennington, rector of St. Clement Dane's, Strand. The Rev. William Bickford is the son of the late Rear-Admiral J. E. Bickford, and is a curate at St. Clement Dane's. Much interest was taken in the wedding, and it was largely attended. The presents were particularly interesting, for they included gifts from the Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, and the Clare Market Band and the Strand Flower Girls. Mrs. Bickford has done much good work in Clare Market and the neighbourhood, and the present from the poor people she has been able to help gave her the greatest pleasure.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 26.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WORN to the sorriest shadow of its former self," groaned the dealer in the Kaffir Circus, as he mouched round the ring in the Street, after four o'clock.

"There's a good time coming, boys!" and a cheery-looking neighbour slapped him hard upon the back.

"I've said so myself for years; but I don't believe it. The papers have said so for years, and I don't believe them. The——"

"It's the weather, old man. Makes us all a bit liverish."

"If I hadn't got some Kaffirs to sell, so far as I care they might all go to—well."

"We have all got Kaffirs to sell," was the reply. "That's what makes us feel so cheerful about it."

The older man kicked his heels against the kerb.

"I am told of revival by several magnates, but week after week the market stagnates," he answered.

"Well, I cannot manage to keep my book level; the market appears to be leagued with the devil."

"Chartered ought to be kept, I believe," a third chimed in. "And perhaps Rand Mines."

"There are thousands of shares changing hands behind the scenes," a fourth added. "Never come to the House at all. And do you mean to tell me——"

"The song's the same with every bull; it's all cry and little wool," said the senior.

"Give the market another six months——"

"With hard labour."

"As hard as you like. But if it doesn't wake up in the time, let's all go and job in Yankees."

"Rather than deal in any Yanks, I'd drown myself in Zams. or Tanks," the older man retorted.

"Does he always talk like that?" Our Stroller whispered to his broker, who had just come along.

"Talk like what? Like a bull, do you mean? They all do. And they're bears all the time."

"What hypocrisy!"

"Not at all. What they want is buying orders, but these don't come. Instead, prices tend to go down, and that encourages bear sales. There's nothing else to do, so they do that, don't you see?"

"Rum kind of logic, but I suppose there's something in it. Coming up the Court?"

They entered Shorter's Court, and found the usual crowd. Fairly animated, too.

"Done with our market? You can bet your hat they haven't," a jobber returned to the broker's question. "Want to deal?"

"No, thanks. So you think the market's all right?"

"I'd rather be a bull than a bear. Here, Jones; anything to do?"

"I don't say I'd like to follow them far," he pursued. "Bit dangerous, don't you know. But I do believe in keeping on the bull side. Here I am, old man. What can I do for you?"

"The little shares, like Eries and Steels and Missouries, carry the least risk," he declared. "Looking for me, old chap? They're pretty steady. What's the stock?"

"All you brokers are alike," he complained good-humouredly. "Want to know prices, but don't deal. Come on, Smithie; have a dash? Yes, steady; not much going on."

"If they'd only keep those new issues in the background and fake up the traffics a bit, the market would be safe for a run. Yes, yes! Come here, you old scoundrel! Atch? Let's have a look at 'em—may I?"

And he dived into the crowd to get the exact touch in Atchisons.

"There's more doing here than in the Kaffir Market," observed the broker. "Why, you see some of the Kaffir jobbers hanging about here at night when they ought to be at home."

The Stroller started a remark, but stopped suddenly with a laugh as he heard a voice by his side.

"This beastly Court's enough to make a granite pillar weary, especially if it should chance to be a bull of Erie."

"Who the——?"

But the broker had disappeared, and Our Stroller followed him perforce.

"Hadh't you better close your Trunks?" the broker asked him at the corner.

"Good dividend," objected our friend.

"Jolly good. But on the money the yield is only about 4½ per cent., and even if the stock got its full 4 per cent., the return would not be more than £5 6s. 8d. on the money."

"With nothing more behind it," said The Stroller thoughtfully.

"That's it. At 70—72, I think, Trunk Thirds are valued up to the hilt."

"There are the possibilities——"

"Of dearer rails, materials, labour—all sorts of things."

"You have got a liver, too"—his client smiled. "Well, sell my Thirds if you like. There's a handsome profit on them."

"Ask the advice of somebody else first," the broker suggested. "Don't go simply by what I say."

Three men pushed by them, and the middle one said most emphatically—

"I pity most the man who funks to go and sell a bear of Trunks."

Our Stroller burst out laughing.

"What more do I want?" said he.

THE MAYPOLE DAIRY COMPANY.

In April of last year I drew your attention to the shares of the *Maypole Dairy Company*, more especially to the 20 per cent. Cumulative Preferred shares. The report for the year 1906 has recently been issued, and the annual meeting was held this week. The continuous growth in the Company's annual profit has made further progress during the past year, as may be seen from the figures for the last five years, which are as follows—

	Net profit.		Net profit.
1902	£85,532	1905	£145,536
1903	104,032	1906	186,299
1904	129,798		

The prosperity of the Company is reflected in the price of the Deferred shares, which were as low as 2½ in February 1906, had risen to 5½ when I wrote in April, and are now quoted at 6½, in which price is included the dividend for the year of 10s. 9d. per share. Allowing for the dividend, the return to a buyer at the present price is over 8½ per cent. The Preferred shares, which might have been expected to advance in sympathy, have remained at about 3½, at which price they return nearly 6½ per cent. On the basis of last year's profits, there is a margin of about £80,000 per annum behind the Preferred shares. In other words, the profits would have to diminish to that extent before the interest on the Preferred shares became endangered. So far, however, from diminishing, there is every prospect of a further increase in the business and earnings during the current year. At the meeting on Monday last the Chairman remarked that he did not like to be a prophet, but things looked favourable. The Preference dividend for the year was already earned, and he hoped they would soon have earned enough to cover the Preferred dividend. Then would come the reserve fund, which had precedence over the Deferred dividend; and, although the amount was small, it was certain. The smallness of the amount which is put every year to reserve—namely, £10,000, is undoubtedly a point to which criticism may be directed. This sum is invested in Trustee securities, and now amounts to £77,246; but the directors are known to hold the opinion that no Reserve Fund, however large, will avail anything unless the management is sound and progressive. There is much truth in this, and so far the shareholders certainly have nothing to complain of on this score. Still, if the profits show another substantial advance this year, it is to be hoped that a larger sum will be carried to Reserve. Q.

P.S.—I understand that everything is proceeding smoothly at the *Commonwealth Oil Corporation's* property, and that the railway will be ready before the date indicated at the general meeting. Verbum sap.

Saturday, Feb. 9, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GINGER.—We do not advise the Transandine shares; the interest will only be paid so long as the rescission bonds last, and they are nearly exhausted. The line cannot expect to earn the dividend until the whole route is open in about 1911.

J. M. S.—Dalgetys depend on the pastoral industry in Australia, and have had several good years. They are a fair investment. As to the Railways, we are doubtful, but, in view of good trade prospects, think you had better hold on. Buy (1) B.A. and Rosario Railway Ordinary, (2) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, (3) Industrial and General Trust Ordinary, (4) Foreign and Colonial Trust.

TREBORAK.—You had better see it out, but we will not even venture an opinion as to the result.

J. R.—Your selection is quite safe. Add B.A. Great Southern, or B.A. and Pacific Preference stock, and United of Havana Debenture stock (1906).

EGYPT.—We think the issue was badly taken up. Hold on; probably it will come right.

BRITISHER.—The shares are all "pushed" by the bucket-shop whose name you mention. We would not touch any of them. Buy (1) United of Havana Ordinary. (2) Some good Nitrate shares. (3) River Plate Gas shares. (4) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures, and avoid bucket-shop tips. See Q's Note.

E. H.—Your letter was answered on the 7th inst.

HOLDER.—Both shares mentioned by you are worth holding.

M. A. X.—(1) United States Brewing Company 6 per cent. Debentures. (2) Argentine 1886-7 bonds. (3) Chinese 1905 Loan. (4) Inter-oceanic of Mexico Prior Lien bonds. If you would be content with ordinary shares or stock you could do better.

HOPE.—Both highly speculative. Neither would suit us.

KALIV.—How can you ask such silly questions? If we knew whether Zincs would go to £3 this month we should make a fortune and give up writing for the public. (1) We think Zincs will eventually go better. (2) Ditto Premiers. (3) Steels will go with the rest of the Yankee Market, we think, probably better in the end. (4) Hold. (5) We don't know, and distrust the whole industry. (6) If you have them, hold. (7) We expect the Oil shares to go better, but as to your prices we say nothing. See this week's Notes.

L. G. S.—(1 and 2) Fair industrials. (3) Our advice is that the shares are likely to see higher prices, and that the process is a success; but there are lots of people who say they know better. (4) Gwalia Consolidated at not over 2s.

J. C. (Basingstoke).—The less you have to do with the people you mention and their plans the better for you, in our opinion.

QUAERENS.—The Company is a reconstruction of a previous concern. The shares are 10s. each, and 65,000 have been issued with 8s. credited as paid. No information is available. We have no faith in it.

V. C. D.—(1) Would not suit us. (2) We do not think there will be a dividend for some time. (3) Will send you price.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Windsor the following should run well: Bracknell Hurdle Race, Le Roy II.; Falstaff Steeplechase, Enceladus; Burnham Steeplechase, Bonar; Curfew Hurdle Race, Peter Pan; Royal Steeplechase, Dathi; Staines Hurdle, Bulbo; Claremont Steeplechase, Bachelor; St. Valentine's Steeplechase, Domino; Bridge Hurdle, Breadwinner. At Lingfield the following may go close: February Hurdle, Turbulent; Southern Steeplechase, Doggie; Groombridge Steeplechase, Bonar; Gravetye Hurdle, Sancho; Guest Hurdle, Bernell; Greenhurs Steeplechase, Poetry; Lingfield Selling Steeplechase, Sonning; Oaklands Steeplechase, Bobs IV.; Hever Hurdle, Master Spratt; Surrey Hurdle, Wise Lad; Amateurs' Steeplechase, Orgueil; Cobham Hurdle, Sancho.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Ghost." By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto and Windus.)—"The Diamond Ship." By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)—"The Folly of the Wise." By G. Sydney Paternoster. (John Long.)—"White Fang." By Jack London. (Methuen.)

IF ever Lord Clarenceux is immortalised, it will be as the fiction-writer's friend. No spook could be more accommodating. Aided by it, the novelist need never lack a sensational incident. If only it could be floated, or hired—as a waiter or a guest is hired—at so much a night! Imagine it—"a malign and jealous spirit—using his spectral influences to crush the mortals bold enough to love the woman whom he had loved on earth." See it when the eyes of the beautiful heroine, the unrivalled soprano, speak to it of "its old love, its old magnanimity"—

For long the spectre gazed with stern and formidable impassivity upon the girl. I trembled, all hope and all despair, for the issue. She would not be vanquished. Her love was stronger than its hate; her love knew not the name of fear. For a thousand nights, so it seemed, the two remained thus, at grips, as it were, in a death struggle. Then with a reluctant gesture of abdication the ghost waved a hand; its terrible features softened into a consent and slowly it faded away.

Then realise, also, that it wears frock-coat and silk hat whatever the weather or the occasion, and that it can command death in various forms, railway accidents, wrecks, and a rivalry between prima-donnas that makes the one desirous of poisoning the other with a delightfully original concoction of egg-and-milk and eye-drops. Need I say more? Surely some syndicate can be found. Seriously, Mr. Arnold Bennett does well to call "The Ghost" a fantasia. It is nothing if not bizarre, unreal. Yet, it must be said that there is a fascination about it. Carp at it as one will, criticise it as one may, once having begun it, one must read it to the end.

"The Diamond Ship" deals with sensations of another type. There is nothing supernatural about it. It is of the world, worldly. Its author breaks into italics—printer's-italics—but once. Actually, every action in it is italicised, emphasised by the manner of its handling, relieved from the actions of every-day life, as italicised phrases are relieved from the ordinary phrases in a book. Never, perhaps, has Mr. Pemberton invoked Coincidence so freely, seldom has he been better served; at his bidding the long arm has stretched almost to dislocation. The result is a story that is best

described as a yarn—a good sailor's yarn—of how Ean Fabos sailed in quest of "The Diamond Ship," the floating home of a gang of desperadoes; of how he was captured and of how he escaped, of how he loved and was loved, of his many perils by land and sea—a yarn of excellent artifice, if not of great art.

Amarant, the decorous, Cheriton, the philosophical, and Gravelin, the visionary, fell under the spell of Roy Estmere's beauty, "the contemplation of which had the result of transforming the scrupulous Amarant into a slanderous liar, plotting against the honour of an unprotected woman, and scheming the ruin of his sworn friend. Under the same subtle influence the equable Cheriton had flung his philosophies to the winds and become inspired with a veritable Berserker rage for vengeance. For no other motive, also, the contemplative Gravelin had cast away respect for his own intelligence, and wilfully set himself to besot his brain with alcohol." There is the plot, the essential plot, of "The Folly of the Wise," the wooings and warrings of three egotists and a woman. In itself it is not complicated, but it leads to complications without end, and in its working out is much entertainment for the looker-on. A reading of "Gutter Tragedies" had not prepared me for Mr. Paternoster's comedy manner. His versatility is made very evident by his new book. Many will read with ever-growing interest his story of a woman who played with fire, as she played with lucifer-matches as a child, and was unsinged.

To accuse Mr. Jack London of being a man of one idea would be absurd, but it is impossible to avoid the feeling that he is in grave danger of being obsessed by one idea—the reversion to type. Most of his books have had this as their basis, and "White Fang" is no exception. Not this alone: it is singularly akin to "The Call of the Wild." In the latter, it is true, the dog-hero goes from the domestic to the primeval, whereas in the former he goes from the primeval to the domestic; but the road he travels is the same—it is merely a question of direction. There is really very little distinction between the two works. Each is characteristic Jack London—man-cunning pitted against beast-cunning, the terrors of the trail, the law that to live is to oppress the weak and obey the strong. If there is a difference it is, perhaps, in the fact that there is even more fighting in "White Fang" than there is in "The Call of the Wild." "White Fang," indeed, is one huge, gory dog-fight. One remembers little else. Teeth are always bared. The "star" scene is a duel to the death between the wolf-dog and a bull-dog.

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